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THE BRIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY MARION SACKETT.

Hushed and silent the music,
And no longer the dancers tread.
With warm, loving hands a mother
Takes the veil from a fair young head.

Now, slowly and with timid footstep,
She passes up the carpeted stair.
Alas! the step of the maiden
Will never again linger there.

Trembling with love's fond emotion,
Her silken robe sweeping the floor,
She makes a beautiful picture
As she stops at the open door.

But see, she has left of her presence
A token most rare and most sweet—
Two pure white lilies have fallen
From her bosom down to her feet.

May good angels guard her slumber,
Bring peace to her innocent breast!
Has she left life's brightest moments
Without, where her lilies rest?

REAH,
OR A LIFE FOR A LOVE.

A Story of Friendship Betrayed, Retribution and Love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILY MELVILLE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.—SHAKESPEARE.

The lamplighters were flitting through Pall Mall, the shimmer of wax-candles commenced to glimmer from the huge windows of the club-houses, and the rattle of the carriages as they sped homewards on St. James' stones proclaimed that the dinner hour of the great ones of the earth was at hand.

At the entrance to one of the largest of the Grecian temples men's devotion to the god Luxury had reared, two gentlemen stood arm-in-arm, looking down the broad pavement westward.

"Seven!" said one, as the nearest church gave forth the hour. "Chud said seven, did he not?"

"Yes, and meant, like the auctioneers, half-past," returned the other, hiding a yawn behind his exquisitely-gloved hand. "Chud's too young to value his dinner properly; but Manners is not, and he ought to be punctual. Hullo! there he is," and as a slightly-built but exceedingly carefully-dressed young gentleman alighted from a brougham the speaker nodded and held out his hand.

"Hullo!" said the new arrival, shaking hands, "you two fellows first! I say, Shelton, I hope the others won't be late; I'm as hungry as a hunter."

"Ah, that's right; but what abcut us, who were here first?" said he whom he had addressed—Mortimer Shelton by name, a cynic by nature. "Of course they'll be late—Chud very possibly, and Adrien for certain. 'Pon my soul, it's the most uncomfortable way of getting a dinner, this feeding in herds and flocks. Come along; one may as well be miserable inside as in this beastly draught."

With a laugh at his real or assumed ill-temper, the other two followed him up the broad steps, through the heavy, swinging doors, into the Grecian vestibule, with its mosaics and statuary, and thence by way of the ante-room to the grand dining-saloon of the Thessalian Club.

The snowy-covered tables were rapidly filling, the members were dropping in to their luxurious repast; servants, silent, fleet of foot and deft of hand, were ministering to their wants and answering or asking questions with lowered voices. At the reading-stands, a few men, with their hands behind their dress-coat tails, were scanning with eager or indifferent eyes the evening papers, and at all three fireplaces were little knots of exquisites discussing something—or more probably nothing—with slow and well-bred drawl.

The three friends—Frank Parselle, Mortimer Shelton and Percy Manners—made their way to a table in a comfortable recess, and seated themselves with characteristic expressions.

"Cold to-night; fires look comfortable," said Frank Parselle, looking round and responding to numerous nods in kind.

"Yes, colder than it has been for some days; makes one hungry," said Percy Manners, the gourmet and epicure.

"Cold and miserable," concluded Mortimer Shelton, turning a yawn into a half-muttered growl. "Beastly weather. But what can you expect of this climate? Ten minutes past seven! The air is incompatible with punctuality, I suppose. How foolish I was to expect that idiot Chud to his time! I might have had another cigar at chambers."

"And lost the luxury of a growl, old fellow," interrupted Manners. "Shall we wait?"

"Oh, yes," said Frank Parselle. "Chud's a good fellow, and Adrien might not take it smoothly, you know."

"Then why the deuce can't he keep his time?" muttered Mortimer. "I'm never late for dinner."

"Nobody would wait for you, old boy," laughed Manners. "It's a great bore, though. But here's one of them."

He broke off as one of the unpunctual ones sauntered in and looked round the room with languid, leisurely gaze.

Mortimer touched the table sharply with a fork, and the searcher bent his eyes that way and came up.

"Ho! you fellows here already?" he exclaimed in a tone of genuine surprise.

"Now, where do you suppose we should be? Staring at Nelson's column or in North America. It's ten minutes past seven," said Mortimer, making room for him and stroking his moustache peevishly.

"Is it, though, really? By Jove! I thought it had not struck yet. I must get that watch of mine seen to."

"Better pitch it behind the fire," snapped Mortimer. "That watch of yours belonged to your grandfather, didn't it, Chud? Well, I wish your people had buried it with him. It's the eternal nuisance to all your friends. I'll buy it of you."

"No, you won't," laughed Chudleigh Ireton, seating himself and taking stock of the room.

"And now, where's Leroy?" said Shelton with a plaintive sigh of resignation. "'Pon my word, this is too bad. The trouble I took to make the carte attractive! The soup will be thick as mud, the turbot boiled to wool; and you know what Antoine is if the entrees stand ——"

"Ah, by Jove! we're waiting for Leroy, of course. By jingo! I'd forgotten," said Chudleigh, as if visited by a sudden attack of memory. "I met Leroy at Brook's yesterday, and he asked me to tell you that he was off to Barminster Castle last night, and might be late. We were not to wait; and, if I haven't left it in my other coat, here's a note explaining, old fellow."

Mortimer Shelton uttered an expletive upon the note, and, before reading it, ordered dinner to be served at once.

"Heaven forgive me this once. Never again will I sin against myself in this way!" he exclaimed. "Why on earth couldn't you be punctual? But, being here at last, why couldn't you deliver Leroy's message? Chud, you are incorrigible and incurable. Now, what does this fellow say?

"'My dear Mortimer, a letter from Jasper takes me down to the castle, post-haste. But I will return to join your little party, and, by your gracious leave, bring Jasper with me. You will not, I trust, delay even the soup for the space of Chudleigh's watch-tick.

"'Yours, not, I hope, unfaithfully,

"'ADRIEN LEROY.'"

"Always Jasper," commented Percy Manners. "It is a perpetual enigma to me by what means Jasper Vermont obtained and retains his influence over Leroy."

"No enigma, but as plain as the most ordinary of pike-staffs," said Mortimer. "But this is like Leroy, confound him! In the old days—I wish they were back—one could call a man out for keeping one's dinner waiting."

"And be shot for your trouble," laughed Manners. "We know what sort of a hand Leroy is at the trigger. He'd cut your last growl short, old fellow."

The rest laughed, Mortimer joining them, but more quietly.

"That's true, and I'm not so stupid as to deny it, as you expected, Percy. And, by Heaven! I thing Adrien Leroy owes his exemption to that same facility for dead leveling, as poor Savant used to call it. But here's the soup."

"And not thick, either; that's good of Antoine," said Percy.

And for a little while all was silent save the click of the spoons and the rustle of the napkins.

"Ah, I feel that I may linger on after that," said Percy; "and if the turbot and 'to-follow' correspond in excellence and nutrition, I may recover entirely ——"

"And so plunge your country into mourning," wound up Mortimer. "I hope we shall get through the fish and an entree or two before Jasper arrives. I don't like him enough to wish him to share Antoine's benediction," he added, eyeing his portion of fish with critical satisfaction.

"That's candid," laughed Chudleigh. "I thought you said the other night at the Veronas that speech was given us to hide our thoughts, eh, philosopher?"

"I said it, but I am not aware that I asked you to believe it, or imagine that I did myself," said Mortimer. "Candor is a virtue ——"

"Too frail to be tempted," concluded Parselle.

"'Pon my soul, that's good for you, Frank," retorted Mortimer. "Somebody said you were writing a comedy, and I gave them direct contradiction. I'll have to apologize, I suppose."

"Wisdom cometh from thee," nodded the quiet Frank with a smile. "But about Jasper. As we haven't got him to flatter, let's worry his character. On what grounds rests your dislike, O philospher?"

"On what grounds rests your affection for salmi of pheasant?" snapped Mortimer. "Though you have devoured two-thirds of the dish, you can't give a reason. And on like principle I can't say, or won't, why I cherish a pet antipathy to our friend Jasper."

"A pet antipathy, and that's about it," nodded Manners. "If put to the vote, I believe none of us would cry for Vermont; and yet there is nothing against him in look, word or deed. He's a good fellow."

"Well bred," said Chud eigh.

"Easy, and knows a horse from a shorthorn," added Frank. "And is Adrien Leroy's fast friend."

"That's it!" said Percy. "That puzzles me ——"

"Tush," said Mortimer, motioning for the wine. "Why should it? Years ago, at Eton or Oxford, Adrien Leroy saved Jasper Vermont's life. Don't worry me to tell you how. I don't know and I don't care. He saved his life, and that's enough for Adrien. You know him, all of you. If a dog, a cat, or a one-eyed monkey placed himself under his protection, Adrien would stick to him through life—and death if he could. This Jasper, with all his quiet, easy ways and lazy smile, is neither a sloth nor a bird of paradise. I've seen tigers—and shot 'em. Claws beneath velvet; soft lips hide sharp teeth. Pass the sauce."

"And so you think Jasper has more of the tiger than the tabby-cat, and more of the raven than the domestic hen?" said Manners. "And yet Adrien is sharp enough. Did anyone ever hear of his being deceived by man, woman or child? By Jove! I believe one quiet glance from those eyes of his would take it out of them in half a minute. Adrien is no fool."

"Every man has one weak side. Achilles' heel ruined him. Little use steel-plating everywhere else, if they left that little corner for Paris' arrow. But classics are wasted on you fellows; the whole secret lies in the fact that Adrien Leroy once befriended Jasper Vermont, and that, consequently, he will believe no ill of the aforesaid Jasper."

"Lucky fellow, this Jasper, let matters between him and Leroy be as they may," said Percy. "He's a steward, or something of that sort, to Adrien, and all the money passes through his hands. And what a mint it is! There's no knowing how rich Leroy may be. My governor says a million. He knew Lord Leroy, and goes down to the castle for a week in the off-season. It's a palace, and the Baron is a sort of king. Grand reception-rooms, miles of picture-gallery, a guard at arms in the corridors, and an army of retainers in silk and satin."

Mortimer nodded.

"A shadow of the ancient glory," he said in his curt way. "Provis tells of how William the Fourth turned green with jealousy when they ushered him into the State apartment.

"'This beats my palace, Leroy,' he said with a smile.

"Leroy bowed, but he didn't contradict. And, by Heaven! he wouldn't cry second even to his King where he thought himself first. You know what the Prince said when he saw the Leroy arms on Adrien's coach?

"'I'd change that lozenge if I were you, Leroy, and put it thus: His satanic majesty on a throne, the Pope on one above, and a Leroy on another above all—motto, Proud, prouder, proudest.'

"'I shall be proud to receive your highness' sketch,' said Adrien. But the Prince was right; if there is any superlative in the article, the Leroys have it. They are as proud as the highest of the Cæsars. There's no bar sinister across their badge, and they know it. The lowest of their race would sooner jump into that fire—and stop there—than do or countenance a dirty action. They treat money as if it were the dross moralists would have us consider it. They bow the knee to nothing save royalty and woman. They love madly, hate passionately where the object of their dislike is too near equality to be treated with contempt. And what contempt it is! Remember that snob Parkley. Since that day he interrupted Adrien and got that killing stare, he has never shown head—it's my belief he's hanged himself. And yet, with all his pride, there's no faster, firmer friend than Leroy ——"

"As Jasper Vermont can testify," said Frank.

"That's so," nodded Mortimer. "And now, after that exhaustive analysis of the Leroy temperament, have the goodness to pass the Cliquot."

"I saw Haidee in the park this morning," said Chudleigh, wiping his moustache and regarding the *pate* affectionately. "Such furs! The rest of the dear creatures were filled with envy. In that quarter Leroy certainly treats the precious coin as dross."

"And bestows it, perhaps, on the principle of dust to dust," remarked Mortimer with a cynical smile.

"Haidee should hear that," said Manners, laughing with the rest. "In all her sweetness, those eyes of hers can fire, let me tell you. Now, she's a tigress, I believe. She makes me tremble every time I go near her—such a thirsty, insatiable animal. It's well for Leroy that the figures are silken: anything less than a million would come to grief."

"What do you think little Bella at the Casket told me?" said Parselle, leaning forward and speaking in a lower key.

"Some nonsense, I suppose," said Mortimer.

"That Leroy had made the theatre over to Haidee, and settled a thousand a year upon her."

"Very likely," was Mortimer's comment. "When a man is idiot enough to buy such an expensive toy as a theatre for his favorites, and engages to pay for the perpetual repairing and gilding of the toy, it is only reasonable to conclude that he would be glad to hand it over *in toto*, and the Casket costs Leroy three times that amount. Five thousand—ah, eight thousand—a year, to say nothing of the lady-manager. And all for a whim! It would be money in his pocket if the place were burnt down, and I sometimes think I'll bring a box of patent matches and manage it for him. If I could only shut the butterflies up in the dainty trap, and suffocate them in the bargain!"

"Hush!" whispered Chudleigh Ireton; "here he is."

"REAH."—Jasper rose to his feet, and caught her arm. There was something so terrible in the sheen of his green-gray eyes, so treacherous and murderous in the curl of his lips, that the face of the woman blanched, and she shrank back with a cry of fear. At that moment the door opened, and Adrien Leroy entered.

All look round with a smile of expectation. Two gentlemen had just entered.

The one a dark, smooth-faced man, with small, sleepy-looking eyes, thick lips, and a set smile that was a cast between the simper of a monkey and the somniferous tranquillity one sees upon the broad face of a dozing cat. His hair, dark almost to black, was smoothed to a plain, unruffled surface; he wore no moustache, whiskers or beard, yet, for all the seeming openness of the face, if studied carefully, there seemed something kept back and made subservient to the easy character which the owner wished to establish in society. That was Jasper Vermont.

His companion was of a very different order of humanity. Tall, of exquisite proportion, of that reposeful, leisurely grace which one generally attaches to royalty; with a handsome, and, what is more, noble face, stamped with the Old-World hauteur of his race, and rendered more than commonly beautiful by his unfrequent but wonderful smile; with bright, golden-hued hair that fell in short, thick, luxuriant curls upon his white brow; and with eyes that were at once piercingly searching and proudly tranquil, the contrast was heightened to a pitch almost of absurdity.

That was Adrien Leroy, only son of Baron Leroy of Barminster Castle, the idol of society, the toast of the men, and the divinity of the female butterflies.

When a man is liked and looked up to by his male friends, and worshiped by the women folk, there is something more than common in him, and something worthy of attention. Carefully dressed as a man should be whose valet takes a higher salary than a first-class city clerk, with diamond sleeve-links, a suite of black pearl studs for jewelry, his graceful, column-like neck free and unhampered by his loose, well-sitting collar, Adrien Leroy would have been an exquisite but for that nameless air of dignity and high-bred heroism which cast the foppery into the background and brought the manhood to the front.

No sooner had the door swung behind them than a small group had collected round the popular idol, and a buzz of salutation rose like the hum of bees hovering about a honey-laden flower.

With the genial, open-hearted smile, but with the half-mournful, dreamy and slightly weary expression in the dark, fathomless eyes, Adrien Leroy answered the numerous questions, parried the as numerous invitations to turn aside for a moment, and, still leaning on Jasper Vermont's arm, made his way towards the table where his friends were waiting.

"You may tell a man by his walk," says Machiavelli, "not only by the tenor of his way through life, but by the actual gait and mien."

Jasper Vermont's walk partook of the quiet, sleek tread which is more obtrusive than a loud tramp, and more annoying.

Adrien Leroy trod the ground with the light, leisurely tread of a man free, born to command; no hurry—let his motions be quick as they might; no uncertainty, though he lingered to exchange a word, but the calm, regular stride of a man strong in himself and of conscious equality with, if not superiority to, his fellows.

"We are late," he said in a voice that was low but clear and incisive as the fourth bell in a cathedral peal. "Blame Jasper, who, if he is as hungry as I am, is punished in the sinning. Soup gone, and Chudleigh despatching the last ortolan! Jasper, we have arrived at the obsequies of a good repast."

The rest—the two having seated themselves—joined in his low, clear laugh, and Mortimer, whose brow always lost something of its severity in Adrien Leroy's presence, beckoned the waiter.

"Tell Antoine that Mr. Leroy and Vermont have arrived."

"See, I am more thoughtful for you than you deserve, and Antoine has kept back a fair quantity of the good the gods have sent us. I dare not have mentioned it before, or Chud would have devoured it in addition to his own. And you have just come from Barminster? And how is the castle looking, Jasper?"

"Beautiful!" replied Jasper Vermont, with a smile bestowed impartially upon all, and that showed his white teeth to perfection—"beautiful. It's a charming view, eh, Adrien? Charming, but we saw little of it this visit—a flying one, as flying one. Ah, what? Shelton, you are an epicure worthy of Dioclesian. We never get clear turtle at the Alkestra like this, eh, Adrien?" and with a repetition of the smile he nodded at his friend.

"No," said Adrien Leroy, looking up. "But we have not our celebrated Mortimer on the committee. No wonder they love you here, Mortimer! And so the little colt has lost the Norfolk Steeplechase. I saw the news as I came down."

"And you have lost—how much, two thousand?" said Parselle.

"Five," said Jasper Vermont, answering for him, not quickly, but just before Adrien could speak.

"Is it five?" said Leroy with perfect indifference. "I thought I had backed the Venus for more."

"And on the faith of that I backed her for a couple of hundred," said Chudleigh with a shrug of the shoulders. "She is a beautiful creature, and now I suppose I must buy her. Will you sell her?"

'Oh, yes," said Adrien. "You shall have him, my dear Chud, for a song."

"Of a very few verses," again interposed Jasper Vermont, opening his lips with a smooth smile. "She is sold."

"Sold to whom?" said Adrien in a tone that was almost surprise.

The rest looked up in surprise. The colt was an acknowledged favorite of Adrien Leroy's, and everyone knew that Chudleigh had asked for the refusal.

"Sold," echoed Chudleigh, looking rather disappointed, and glancing rather haughtily at the smooth, amiable face opposite him.

"To the knacker. You forget, Adrien; Fording threw her, and broke her leg at the last hurdle."

"Ah, so you told me; I had forgotten. Chudleigh, I am very sorry, but you have saved your money. If Fording could do nothing with her, she was no use to you. Have any of you seen the papers? Last night was the first of the new comedy at the Casket; has it gone well?"

Frank Parselle laughed.

"I was there, but I'm sure I couldn't tell you. Haidee played finely—all fire and effervescence. But they hissed once or twice."

"Lost on my horse and my new play! That is luck. It must be withdrawn."

"Certainly," said Jasper comfortably—"certainly."

"By Jove! what did you tell me the mounting cost?" said Manners, addressing Jasper, but glancing significantly at the others.

"Four thousand pounds," said Jasper glibly, while Adrien ate his fish with the most consummate indifference.

"Four thousand for four nights, that's about it. A thousand each night. 'Pon my word, the public ought to be grateful to you," said Mortimer, nodding at Leroy.

"Or I to them. No slight thing to sit through a bad play. But how is it, Jasper? You said it would run."

"I?" said Jasper, looking, not confused, but only too amiable, which was the same thing with him. "No, not so certainly as that; I said I thought the thing well written, eh, Mortimer?"

"Ah," said Mortimer, who had been watching him keenly, "out in your reckoning, for a wonder. It is to be hoped you didn't back your opinion in the matter of the colt, to which I think you were also favorably inclined?"

"Yes," said Jasper, leaning back with an admirable air of lazy contentment, "I laid my little usual stake, and lost of course."

"You should have hedged," said Mortimer, who knew as a positive fact that he had done so.

"Ah, yes; but you know that I am so lazy, positively lazy, that I ask myself is it worth the trouble? and I answer no. So I let it go, and, ha! ha! it has gone!"

"Humph!" growled Mortimer. "Unfortunate Jasper!"

Unfortunate Jasper laughed again, and filled his glass.

"I have no judgment," he said. "I am a man of no ideas, and I admit it. I confess it with regret. Now, Adrien," and he stopped to smile over his glass at the grand, reposeful face of Leroy, where he sat talking to Manners—"now, Adrien is all acuteness; without him I should go astray and be undone. Ha! ha! I am supposed to look after his money-affairs, but, by Jupiter! it is he who supplies the brains, and I the hands. I am the machine—a mere machine—and he turns the handle!"

And, laughing at his joke, he held up his glass for replenishment.

"A pretty combination of talent," said Mortimer. "Try that *pate*. I can recommend it. Now, we give you the credit for the tact, and all that sort of thing. We always consider you as the brake upon Adrien's check-book."

"Ah, what a mistake!" said Jasper, dropping his fork and spreading out his fat hands with a gesture of amusement. "I have no firmness, but you will have it that I am a business man; so. Well, I assume the virtue, though I have it not. Ha, ha! This *pate* is excellent, Mortimer. Rome would not have perished had you lived with the last Cæsar."

"And Adrien Leroy would not go to the dogs so quickly if you did not show him the way," murmured the cynic inaudibly. "I'm almost done."

"Finished? Let us go up to the smoking-room. I am dying for a cigar, and they shall take up another bottle of Leroy's Johannisberg."

They rose, and, talking as they went, sauntered through the saloon into the divan, where, depositing themselves upon the luxurious lounges, each man with a cigar in his mouth and his favorite wine before him, the conversation ran on.

Politics, scandal, fortunes of Adrien, the charms of Haidee, the coming season, every topic that came up, was caught and thrown from one to the other, Jasper Vermont always seizing the ball when it seemed to droop, and giving it another fillip.

Adrien Leroy spoke little, but when he did the rest unconsciously listened silently, and with an evident desire to hear his opinion. When he had finished, Jasper was sure to add some comment, concluding with "Eh, Adrien?" to which Leroy would nod with the usual half-indifferent and weary assent, and then Mortimer would glance at the others significantly.

The wine came and disappeared with greater rapidity, the cynic warmed, grew talkative, and, as an inevitable consequence, amusing.

Laughter rose languidly at first, then, increasing at each sally from Chudleigh or Manners, and its retort by Mortimer, louder and louder, until, as it reached an almost incessant stream of merriment and enjoyment, Jasper Vermont, with a lazy look all round, rose and said smoothly:

"I'm spoiling my dinner with laughing. Good-night! No, I can't stay! Business to-morrow, and the early biped, you know. Good-night, Adrien. I am with you as the clock strikes twelve to-morrow. Good-night!" and amidst the answering chorus he sauntered leisurely out, with the smile soft and bland shining on his smooth, round face, like oil on a gun-barrel.

Not by an accident, surely, was his favorite cab at the door, or, if so, very happily, for Mr. Jasper Vermont glanced at his watch with a slight elevation of his eyebrows, jumped into the vehicle, and held up two fingers. The groom, requiring no other directions, flicked the thoroughbred into a swift trot, and Mr. Jasper Vermont was rolled away, looking up at the club-windows with the bland smile to the last.

"Well?" she said, striking the table with her fork impatiently.

"Haidee," said Mr. Jasper, taking out his toothpick, and speaking with calm and pleasant deliberateness, "there was once a man who killed the goose that laid him golden eggs; there was another who cut a bellows open because it would not blow him over to Paris; there was another who worried his horse until the animal, disgusted with him, kicked him off into the ditch and bolted; but none of all these foolish men attained to such a degree of folly as Miss Haidee Levison bids fair to reach when she succeeds in worrying her prize donkey into kicking her to the ground and leaving her in the mud."

"Don't be a idiot, Jasper, but speak out plain."

"I will, though not so plainly as you, I trust, my dear Haidee. Plainly, then, divested of all metaphor, you are killing your goose with marvelous rapidity. In other words, you are making Adrien Leroy tired of you with lamentable haste. May I venture to remark that, when one has a goose with such truly estimable peculiarities as golden-egg-laying, that one should humor him? If he dislikes pork-chops—or rather the perfume of them—is it wise to fill the house with which he has provided you with an odor of fried meat and onions sufficient to stifle an elephant? Is it not the sublimity of folly to stick plaster-casts of hideous form upon the staircase which your goose—who detests mock statuary as he does bad wine—ascends daily? Can anything be more suicidal than to thrust vulgarity down the throat of your goose, whose refinement is a byword amongst his fellow-geese far and wide? In short, my dear Haidee, you are going the way to get the conge from my foolish but rich young friend Adrien Leroy."

The woman, who had beat a more rapid and louder tattoo with each word, leapt to her feet at the last, and, with the fork clasped in one hand, dashed the other upon the table till the glasses rang again.

"Jasper," she hissed with a vulgar oath, "you are enough to drive me mad! Why don't you speak out? Why can't you say what you mean? What's the matter with him? Confound him! What does he want? Aint there a hundred other swells dying for me? Can't I furnish a house as I like? Can't I pick a bit of supper off a chop or two if I like? Can't I do what I like without his delicate nose being turned up? Am I going to starve? Can't I do anything?"

"You can go to the deuce, if you like, my dear," said Mr. Jasper with a really sweet smile. "I merely warn you that you are on the road—only on the road, that is all. Have another chop—there's another left—and dab another bottle of patchouli about the room, if you must. As you say, there are more geese than one, and it is hard if one cannot enjoy fried pork at one o'clock in the morning!"

Goaded almost to madness by the slow stream of aggravation, the actress flung the fork upon the table, upsetting a champagne-glass with a crash, and pushed out her head at him like a gaudy wood-snake.

"Jasper, what does all this mean? What's your game? Are you playing the shuffle with me and Adrien? Are you setting him agin me? I know you, you fox. I hate you when you smile like that, for I know you are at your deep tricks again. What are you doing up at the castle so often? Making yourself pleasant to the girl there, I suppose. She aint fond of a little scent and a chop or two, and she can have real statues if she likes, and I suppose you don't remind him of that? Oh, no! But you mind your skin, Jasper. I don't take things as they come, like Judith. You can't play fast and loose with me. Shuffle him on to that Constance girl, and, mark me, I'll pay you back. I know something you wouldn't like cried through a trumpet. You don't want me to go up to your castle and open my mouth, do you. You don't want me to split upon your little game, I suppose? Well, then, don't you play any of your deceitful tricks on Haidee Levison, or I'll go straight to him and tell him all."

Jasper Vermont rose to his feet, moved more by her looks than her words, and caught her arm.

There was something so terrible, so deadly, in the sheen of his green-gray eyes, so treacherous and murderous in the curl of his thin lips, that the face of the woman blanched, and she shrank back with a cry of fear, glancing at the knife which was touching Jasper's other hand as it rested on the table. At that moment the door opened, and Adrien Leroy entered. In a second the scowl fled from Jasper's face, and, retaining the woman's arm still in his grasp, he said with a laugh:

"You are no stouter. The bracelet will fit you; I can feel that in the span."

Then, as he dropped her arm and turned to the tall figure of his friend, added:

"Haidee has bet me that the new bracelet is too small. She thinks she is getting stout, and I have reassured her."

Adrien, hat in hand, nodded, and looked at the table with a glance that was half one of annoyance and disgust.

"You are late," he said to Haidee, who uttered an affected cry of delight, and ran to him.

"And the room smells like —— nothing else on earth. Jasper, give Haidee the draft of that deed. I am tired, and am going home."

With a gentle but firm touch he put the woman aside, looked round the room again with the weary, far-off gaze, the woman standing where he had put her from him, with a scowl upon her treacherous face, and Jasper, leaning back with a smile, sweet, amiable, but significant, upon his face.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANECDOTE OF MOLIERE.

Moliere lived among the wildest spirits of the age, Chapelle, Bachaumont, Cyrano de Bergerac, Bedeau, Ninon de l'Enclos, Madame de la Sablière, all were guests at his country house at Auteuil, and made many a wild revel there. His health, however, compelled him to be abstemious in his own habits, and he frequently went to bed, leaving Chapelle to play the host. Towards three o'clock one morning, the company, very drunk, began moralizing in a melancholy vein upon the ills of life, its vanities and nothingness. "Life is a poor lot," exclaimed one. "Let us quit it for fear such good friends as us should be separated, let us go and drown ourselves, the river is at the door." "That is true," said a third, "we can never have a better opportunity of dying good friends and joyful; and our death will make some noise." And thereupon the whole party started for the river except one, Baron, the actor, who ran to wake Moliere, and to send some of the servants after them. The would-be suicides had already launched a boat to carry them into deep water, when the domestics came up and made every effort to stop them. In a great rage the gentlemen drew their swords and furiously attacked the interlopers, driving them back to Auteuil, where they went to Moliere, to whom they loudly complained of the insolent interference of his people. "Weary of the troubles of this world," said one, "we have determined to pass into the other to better ourselves; the river appeared to us the shortest road thither, and those rogues stopped us." "And what have I done," said Moliere, feigning to be angry, "that you should form such an excellent purpose without asking me to take part in it? What, drown yourselves without me! I will never again believe you to be my friends." "You are right," cried Chapelle, "we have done you injustice. Come, then, and drown yourself with us." "Softly," responded Moliere, "it is not an affair to be improperly undertaken. Were we to drown ourselves at this hour of the morning, people would say that we had been carousing, and that we had done it like desperadoes or drunkards. To-morrow, between eight or nine in the morning, fasting, and before everybody, we will go and throw ourselves head foremost into the river." "Morbieu!" exclaimed Jean Baptiste Lulli, who was of the party, "Moliere has always a hundred times more sense than we have. Let us put it off until to-morrow, and go to bed, for I am sleepy." And thus by his wit and finesse our poet averted what these headstrong bacchanalians would certainly have carried to a fatal catastrophe. He was himself a grave and silent man. There is a story told of a lady of distinction who invited him to meet a party, thinking that he would entertain them with his wit; he came, but throughout the evening scarcely opened his lips. He tells the story himself in his *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*. At Pezenas they used to show a chair in a barber's shop, where he would sit for hours without speaking a word. This taciturn melancholy is a frequent characteristic of great comedians.—*Temple Bar*.

MISS DRINKWATER is the appropriate name of a noted temperance advocate in Pittsburg.

YES!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Will you be mine?" he gently asked;
"I prize your love the most."
She answered ere a moment passed:
"I'll let you know by post."

But still he lingered near the spot
Where she was wont to stray;
Her parting words he ne'er forgot,
Though she was far away.

Time passed away, and still no news
Had come his heart to cheer;
He thought, perhaps, she might refuse
To be his little dear.

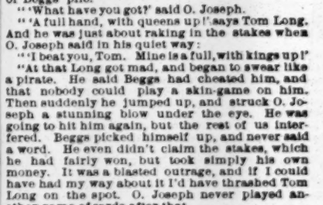
But fate had deemed it otherwise,
Although her heart was hard;
One morning, to his great surprise,
There came a "postal card."

On one side was Columbia's head,
His own name and address;
The other, which he quickly read,
Contained that sweet word "Yes!" H. T. M

THE OLD CANVASMAN.

An Incident of Circus Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY BARRY CROTON.



"I reckon," said the old canvasman as he helped himself to a liberal allowance of tobacco from my pouch—"I reckon that, if some of these fellows what writes poetry had got hold of the story of O. Joseph Beggs, they'd have made a nice thing of it."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Take a seat, and I'll tell it to you."

So I sat down upon the dancing-barrel, while the old canvasman related to me the story of O. Joseph Beggs.

"That's what we always called him," he began—"O. Joseph. The O stood for Oliver, I believe. I don't quite know how he got to part his name in the middle that way; but everybody in the company spoke of him as O. Joseph, and it seemed to please him mightily. Occasionally some new member would call him Joe or Joseph, but Beggs would look so pained like at such times that his friends stuck to the O. He was nothing but a groom, you understand, but everybody liked him and treated him kindly. He must have been sixty years old, and from the time he was a toddling kid he had scented the sawdust. He was trained for a rider; but he met with a bad fall when he was twenty or thereabouts, and that knocked him out of the ring. But it didn't keep him out of the profession. Blow me, but I believe he would have stuck to the canvas somehow if he'd had to stand up for a centre-pole!

"It was the season that Horton took his company down the Mississippi—maybe you remember it? We traveled on a little wheezy steamer, which Horton had chartered, and pitched the canvas along the banks of the river wherever there was a settlement. The company was no great shakes; but the field was a fresh one in them days, and we did a good business. O. Joseph had charge of the horses, and I was superintending the canvas. Some of the company had got into the habit of playing poker, in order to kill time while we were on the boat. One night they persuaded O. Joseph to sit down to a little game. There was three others playing, and among them Tom Long. He was a hurdle-rider—not a very good one, although he would blow more about his performances than any man you ever saw. I never liked the fellow, for he was a regular bully. I saw him beat his ten-year-old boy one day until the youngster could scarcely stand, and that was enough for me. A man what'll abuse a woman or a kid aint fit to live. Them's my sentiments. Well, as I was a saying, O. Joseph sat down to play along with Tom Long and a couple of other performers. The boys had not got their salaries, and were tolerable flush. They played along for half an hour or so, and then O. Joseph got three kings dealt to him. He drew two cards, and got a pair of sevens. I was watching the game; so I know the hand came to him fair and square. The other two players went out on the deal, but Tom Long took one card. Then he and O. Joseph began to bet. They run the pot up to twenty dollars, which was the extent of Beggs' pile.

"'What have you got?' said O. Joseph.

"'A full hand, with queens up!' says Tom Long. And he was just about raking in the stakes when O. Joseph said in his curt way:

"'I beat you, Tom. Mine is a full, with kings up!'

"At that Long got mad, and began to swear like a pirate. He said Beggs had cheated him, and that nobody could play a skin-game on him. Then suddenly he jumped up, and struck O. Joseph a stunning blow under the eye. He was going to hit him again, but the rest of us interfered. Beggs picked himself up, and never said a word. He even didn't claim the stakes, which he had fairly won, but took simply his own money. It was a blazed outrage, and I could have had my way about it I'd have thrashed Tom Long on the spot. O. Joseph never played another game of cards after that.

"Well, we traveled down the Mississippi until we struck New Orleans. That was in August, and the weather was the hottest I ever knowed. I ought to tell you that, after the night when Tom Long struck him, O. Joseph never mentioned the matter to anybody. He went quietly about his business, and kept out of Long's way as much as he could. I felt sorry for the old fellow, and offered once to whip Long for him; but he said no—that wouldn't do any good. When we got to New Orleans we found the weather fearfully hot, as I told you, and, what was worse, we found the yellow-fever. However, we pitched the canvas with the intention of showing a week, and for the first three days we did a rushing business. It was a Thursday afternoon, I think, when Dan Talman, the clown, came into the dressing-tent and said that Tom Long was down with the fever. Dan and Long had found a cheap boarding-place together, while the rest of the company was scattered around at different houses. There wasn't much sympathy expressed for Long, seeing that he was mighty unpopular with the people; and nobody blamed Dan Talman for changing his quarters when he discovered that the fellow had yellow-fever.

"Well, the show went on that day without Long. The next day, Friday, O. Joseph came up to me, and he says:

"'Aint nobody a-taking care of Tom Long?'

"'And I says to him, says I:

"'I reckon not. He's got the fever, and I suppose they'll take him to the hospital.'

"'Somebody oughter look after him,' says O. Josephs, and with that he turned away.

"And what do you suppose he did? Why, he went to Long's room and stayed with him, nursing him as gentle and patient as a woman. If he had been his own brother he couldn't have stood by him more faithful. He couldn't save him, though, for the fever had got too firm a hold. Just before Long died he put out his hand and said, in a voice no stronger than a child's:

"'Forgive me, Beggs!'

"'You see, he was a-thinking of how he had abused the man who was the only friend he had when he came to die. That was on a Sunday. The next day O. Joseph was taken with the chill, which is the first symptom of yellow-fever. He died on Tuesday. I was with him at the last; and when he lay stretched out, with that ghastly smile on his lips which the fever brings, I thought to myself that he had given his life for one who had abused him without cause. But doesn't it say somewhere in the Good Book that them as forgives their enemies shall get their reward?'

"'Something like that,' I said.

"'Well,' added the old canvasman, 'then I reckon that O. Joseph will get a better opening up above than he ever had in this world.'"

And I honored my rough acquaintance for the tear that dimmed his eye.

A GAMIN'S GENEROSITY.—There was crape hanging to a door on Beaubien street yesterday after noon, and a boy six or seven years old stood at the gate, with a pale face and red eyes. A ragged, tobacco-chewing imp, about twelve years old, came slamming along, and he was making ready to stick his finger into the small boy's eye, through the bars of the gate, when he caught sight of the crape. "Somebody dead?" he asked. "Yes, my pa!" gasped the little one. "Hokey! but that's tuff!" exclaimed the imp, and he began searching his pockets. After discovering that his personal property amounted to three nails, an old cigar-stub and a clay-pipe, he said: "See here, bub, I'd like to give you candy or a knife or sunthin' to kinder make you feel good, but I can't do it. I'm dead-broke and feelin' half-sick; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I could chaw you up in one minute; but yer can come out here, and I'll let you take me down and maul me, and I'll holler like a loon, and all the boys around here will think you are the wickedest fighter east of the avenue." The small boy might have appreciated the motive, but he didn't accept the offer.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

H. H.—No equitable decision can be given, by any party not present, other than it is a draw. C may have meant to play first on the light-red, and so "count on white and light-red." B may have meant, as presenting a more difficult shot, that A should play from white to light-red. A's proposition was ambiguous, and we decide the bet void for want of a thorough understanding between the parties.

CONSTANT READER, Jersey City.—I. You can dramatize any published work which does not contain in the certificate of copyright these words: "All rights reserved" or "The author or authors reserve the right of dramatization." 2. Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., inclosing a stamp for reply, and he will send you full instructions how to procure a copyright.

E. R. H., Jackson.—1. Read up U. S. history. It is a question of time. 2. It was recently called the "Monitor-ironwood," and was built by A. B. Latta early in 1863. 3. As two more were built in 1864, they were probably the "A. B. Latta" and the "Citizens' Gift." The chief engineer of the Cincinnati F. D. is the party who can be accurate.

B. J. H.—It is our impression that the steamship Atlantic of the Collins line was converted into a sailing vessel. Our only doubt is due to the fact that one of two of the steamers of this line were broken up on Long Island several years ago. One of the three survivors (Baltic, Atlantic and Adriatic) was still a sailing vessel two years ago, and we think it was the Atlantic.

C. F. McG.—4. We cannot say at present, as the property is in litigation, owing to the bankruptcy of one of the owners. 2. John Brougham acted in London, Eng., for some years. 3. Gus Williams made his first appearance in public in July, 1867. 4. George S. Knight is the husband of Sophie Worrell.

J. M. B., Milwaukee.—A and B should have thoroughly understood what they were about to mark upon. We cannot tell from the statement whether they were aiming to reach the actual score or to arrive at it by proportion. If the latter, B is the winner with his 9 to 1; if the former, A is the winner with his 12 to 2.

PROVIDENCE.—1. You can ascertain in your city, after determining whether by size you mean length and beam, or merely tonnage—the latter a three-story and sub-basement steamboat. 2. Sayers' arm was not broken. 3. It would be reasonably safe. Nothing can be absolutely safe.

A. G., Chicago.—1. Tony Pastor was born in this city; consequently, his native language is American. 2. There is no champion jig-dancer in this country. 3. When she is performing, you will find her whereabouts in our variety summary.

H. G., Ontario.—Should we give your lengthy communication, we would be expected to make room for the reply which would be sure to come from the other side. Your representation is unsupported, and we decide the bet void for want of a thorough understanding between the parties.

KEYSTONE, Erie.—There are fifty works on whist, and it is a matter of opinion which is the best. "Cavendish on Hoyle," which you can get for fifty cents through Ed. James, whose card see, treats of whist sufficiently for all practical purposes.

EUGENE PANKARK, Columbus.—Capt. Barclay walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, one mile only in each and every hour. He was not known as credited with the reported walk of 500 miles in 500 consecutive hours by W. N. Lake.

J. F. M.—You have not stated *how* one player looked at the other's cards. One player is frequently so busy trying to look at any cards but his own; but there are circumstances under which he could not help looking at other cards.

M. STANWAY, Canada.—The money is to be divided equally among all the players whose scores are severally five points or more. If the score of only one player is five or more, he takes *all* the money. If one player failed to make five and another has six, the latter is no better off than the former.

T. M., Fort Clark.—There was no legal championship in existence until 1871. The Atlantics were nominal champions from 1860 to 1862. Afterwards the Eckfords were champions until 1864. Then the Atlantics until 1867, when it was hard to tell which was ahead.

HIRAM KNOTGIL, Hilton & Co., Wm. Pond & Co., Chamberlain & Wellmann, New York; L. P. Goullaud, White, Smith & Co., Boston; Roe Stephens, Detroit, Mich.; and a number of others who advertise from time to time in THE CLIPPER. See rates on eighth page.

H. L. C., Binghamton.—You have no doubt seen reports in last week's CLIPPER of the cricket games. The publication of which obliges us to omit your communication on the same subject.

URIAH HEEP.—All right, old friend; your disinterested advice shall receive due attention. Our first is a most valuable auxiliary when you joined the brigade of showmen "on the wing."

INQUIRER.—James Stark died in this city Oct. 12, 1875. 2. George Hoey made his debut on the dramatic stage at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1876, acting Robert Flollist in "The Shaughraun."

TROUPE, Oswego.—A having taken all the tricks on a lone hand, made four. The same number of tricks, or even but three, would have given B two. The latter could not go alone.

X. B.—We know of no other way of procuring it. 2. Samuel French & Son, 122 Nassau street, and R. M. De Witt, 33 Rose street, this city, keep a quantity of such works.

P. E., Erie.—The Hartford Club of Brooklyn is the name of the League club representing that city this season. The match is composed of eight Brooklyn and New York players and two Philadelphians.

C. A. M., Columbus.—You had no right to transfer the card. Road instructions. Regain possession of the card, and return it to office.

W. E. K., Boston.—The information you seek has recently been published in THE CLIPPER, and we cannot spare space to republish it here.

WILLARD HUNT, Weymouth.—1. Search THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, price 15 cents. 2. We do not keep account of such times.

M. L. B.—Belle Carr managed the National (Chatham) Theatre, in this city, for a time, commencing in the Summer of 1869. We cannot give such a list.

L. B., New Orleans.—4 wins. The prize was won on 46. The throw-off does not count. It was not necessary to throw off.

A. A. T., East Saginaw.—1. Goldsmith Maid has a record of 2:14. 2. When trotting against 2:14, she will get a record if she beats that time.

J. DE F., Philadelphia.—No answers by mail. She resides at Castleton Heights, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., and a letter addressed to her there will reach her.

D. M. F., Topeka.—Katie Putnam was born in 1852, and made her first appearance on the stage at the age of four years.

J. R., Seaforth.—Billy Boyce has paced it in 2:14½, under saddle; but that way of going, not having been specified in the bet, will not decide it.

JOHN A. WHELAN, Boston.—We cannot furnish you with the account of that affair, nor do we know where you could obtain it.

CASSIA, Laketon.—1. See CLIPPER ALMANAC for fastest time on ice. 2. We never answer questions in the manner given.

JAMES E. MCINTOSH, Ithaca.—We do not think anybody would be likely to offer such a purse, and we cannot publish challenges which are unaccompanied by a deposit.

MUTUAL, Albany.—Do not know of any way to get there other than by train on Montclair and Greenwood Lake R. R., from Jersey City, N. J.

ED. WILEY.—THE CLIPPER'S account of the fight does not mention Hyer's name, and we do not believe he was present.

S. G. R. LOVE, Allegheny.—Send 50cts. to Ed. James for "Practical Training," which fits your case exactly. See address in advertisement.

E. B., Louisville.—1. A clean hit yielding a home run counts four total bases. 2 Lafferty was with the Wilmington Quicksteps, Crowley in Philadelphia.

H. C., Norfolk.—Either No. 1 or No. 3 will be correct, if the club adopts it. The club is its own arbiter as to these matters.

M. AND R., Minneapolis.—It is said to be Lawrence. It may be Lawrence Patrick, as he formerly used the initials of both those names.

ORANGE.—He can draw down only the money you can not cover. You are entitled to a sight for all the money you have got.

W. W. G., Browning.—The original Dan Rice is still living, and traveling with a small show of his own in the South.

J. W., Halifax.—Apply to the manager of the theatre in your city for an engagement to play general utility. We know nothing of your capabilities.

CHEVRON, Tacoma.—If you called "seven" simply, he could not add the seven spot to the pile. But he could add it by calling the pile "sevens."

CONSTANT READER.—As Edward Harrigan performed in Jersey City N. J., June 15, he could have been in this city during the day.

A. S.—Give us the name of the colonel. It might have been in the game of quoits. If one player failed to make another has six, the latter is no better off than the former.

T. M., Fort Clark.—There was no legal championship in existence until 1871. The Atlantics were nominal champions from 1860 to 1862. Afterwards the Eckfords were champions until 1864. Then the Atlantics until 1867, when it was hard to tell which was ahead.

WE HAVE BEEN looking for Indians in the Department of the Pacific; but we are looking for them no longer—they are after us. Many of us were mowed down in our tracks by the unerring aim of the red man. Still, let us exclaim: "Lo! the poor Indian."

WE WOULD suggest that, when families leave their city homes and go to Saratoga or Long Branch, it would be well to lock the doors of the houses vacated, and take the keys with them. Such wise precaution must frustrate burglarious action.

HAD MR. SELIGMAN been nothing but "a poor but honest" member of society, instead of the wealthy nabob that he is, would this great hue-and-cry have been raised at the refusal of Judge Hilton to entertain him?

THE PREACHER McGHEE, who killed his wife in Illinois, was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment. This ought to encourage the Jersey prize-fighters, who were put away for six years.

WILL THAT high-toned controversy between Mr. Seligman and Judge Hilton have a tendency to influence the price of pork at the Saratoga hotels? That's what we should like to know.

SHOULD the "Hartford" baseball team continue to win games as they have been doing, we shall be willing to acknowledge them as the representative players of New York!

CHATHAM STREET is terribly exercised over the little unpleasantness existing between Judge Hilton and Mr. Seligman, *in re* the Saratoga Hotel disqualification.

SINCE the opening of the war between Jew and Gentile, at Saratoga, the wickedest men in New York are crying out for religious liberty!

THOSE PERSONS who go after mushrooms and return with toadstools are now upon the warpath.

THE LATEST report is that the Russians will cross the Danube on a grand scale. Fairbanks?

HEREAFTER the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga will be known as the Jewish "pass over."

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

On June 18: Nicholas Mitchell was fatally stabbed by Edward Harvey in Baltimore, Md.....Selim Renker, treasurer of the county, committed suicide at Galveston, Texas.....William S. Bergen of Mount Vernon, O., who killed McBride, was indicted for murder in the first degree.....Cable news: Gen. Grant was entertained at dinner by the Imperial Commission, composed of men of distinction being present. The trial of Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant for publishing an immoral book was commenced in London. The Duke Decazes declared that the foreign policy of France will be pacific.....Joseph Bordwell was found drowned in the canal at Albion, N. Y.....Edward C. Waller, real-estate dealer of Chicago, Ill., failed; liabilities $392,000, assets $139,000.....Fires: W. B. Read's drygoods store, J. T. Robinson's grocery, and five other stores at Bobcaygeon, Ont.—loss $40,000, insured for $18,000; Frinck & Heitzler's manufactory and stables, and adjoining buildings, at Burlington, Iowa—loss $36,000, insured for $6,000; Baxter E. Bardwell's residence and outbuildings, at North Hadley, Mass.—loss $6,000, insurance $4,000.....In this city, William and William H. Leith, father and son, convicted of forgery, were respectively sentenced to seven and seven and a half years' imprisonment.

*** June 19: Elbert Pettit of this city was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for shooting and severely wounding Mrs. Louise Turner.....A building in Warrensburg, Mo., occupied by Harrison & Redford, grocers, fell, A. B. Harrison being killed and George Kann severely wounded.....John Chappell was struck by a piece of toplate at the Lykens Valley Mines, Pa., death ensuing in a few minutes.....The Hon. Archibald Dyron was found dead at Freeman, Ill., having evidently been murdered.....A railroad train fell through a bridge near Washington, D. C., a number of persons being injured, but no one dangerously hurt.....The fall of a derrick in this city caused the instant death of Thomas Lynch, and dangerously injured John Ryan.....The First National Bank of Missouri suspended.....Michael H. Loring of this city was sent to State-prison for eight years, for forgery.....Fires: John Aiken's tannery, at Orangeville, Ont.—loss $10,000; C. M. Sniffer's hotel and store, at Parkton, Md.—loss $9,000; Mr. Holbrook's and other houses at Wolcott, Vt.—loss over $12,000.

*** June 20: A fire which broke out in the suburb of Portland almost destroyed the business portion of St. John, N. B. Among the buildings destroyed are the post-office (valued at $200,000), Academy of Music, Dramatic Lyceum, City Hall, Victoria and Royal Hotels, Bank of New Brunswick and the Maritime and Scotia Savings-banks, Western Union Telegraph Office, *The Daily Telegraph, News, Globe, Freeman* and *Watchman* newspaper offices, and all the best business-houses. Several lives were supposed to have been lost. Estimated loss, over $12,000,000.....It was reported that, in a fight between outlaws and a Vigilance Committee in the Kluniconic Mountains, Ky., June 18, about nine persons were killed.....It was stated that in a fight with Indians on Salmon River, Oregon, twenty-seven soldiers were killed and wounded.....John D. Townsend published a statement of the negotiations between himself and W. M. Tweed (his client), and Attorney-general Fairchild in relation to the proposed release of Tweed. The statement reflected upon Mr. Fairchild's course in the matter.....Suicides on the 19th: Superintendent Shortof the New Brunswick (N. J.) Carpet Mills, by shooting; Foreman Titus of Rocky Hill, near Trenton, N. J., by shooting.....At Middletown, N. Y., David Crampton, C. H. Conklin and C. H. Drew were respectively sentenced to ten, five and four years' imprisonment for horse-stealing.

*** June 21: Executions of Molly Maguires for murders: At Pottsville, Pa.—James Carroll, James Boarity, Hugh McGehan, James Boyle, Thomas Duffy and Thomas Munley; at Mauch Chunk—Edward Kelly, "Yellow Jack" Donohue, M. J. Doyle and Alex. Campbell.....The falling of a derrick at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., caused the death of Simeon Saunders.....Cable news: The jury in the Bradlaugh-Besant trial, at London, Eng., returned a verdict that "the book is calculated to deprave public morals, but we entirely exonerate the defendants from a corrupt motive in publishing it." The prisoners were admitted to bail.....The Turks were reported to have been badly defeated at Zeidikan on the 16th. Mr. Layard, the British Ambassador to the Porte, was said to have counseled the Sultan to make peace immediately.....Stephen McCabe, convicted of burglary in this city, was sentenced to eight years and six months in the State-prison.....Mrs. John Hartmann of Newark, N. J., committed suicide by hanging.....Great damage to property was caused by a tornado which visited Reading, Pa.....Andrew Lanahan was hanged at Wilkesbarre, Pa.....The body of Miss Mary Ella Harrington, who was abducted from East Boston, Mass., was found in the river near Lowell, sewed up in a sack and weighted. It being clear that an abortion had been performed, Mrs. Isadore A. Cook and Albert White were arrested for complicity. James H. Favor, the girl's lover, had previously been taken into custody.....Edward Powers was killed and John Dorey fatally hurt by a railroad accident at Monmouth Junction, N. J.

*** June 22: Patrick Golden, aged 80 years, was shot dead in his house, at Nicholson, Pa., by an unknown masked man.....The office of the cashier of the Grand Trunk Railway, at Montreal, Canada, was robbed of $50,000.....At Gloucester, N. J., Mrs. Farmer was twice shot, and probably fatally wounded, by William Baker.....Cable news: The Porte is said to be in possession of proof that Ardahan surrendered by treason. Russia has authorized another loan of $160,000,000, which is to be paid off in forty-nine years. The mission sent to the Emperor of Morocco, with a firman from the Sultan demanding men and money, was without result. Salt in the combustion chamber of a boiler of the steamer Palestine, from Boston for Liverpool, caused an explosion, one man being killed.....At Troy, N. Y., the Molders' Union resolved to allow members to work in any shop and on any terms.....Dick Cherry was killed by a piece of an exploded boiler at Norfolk, Va.....At Hartford, Ct., Elias N. Ives was held for the murder of John Maguire.

*** June 23: European war news was to the tenor that the Russians had effected the crossing of the Danube at Ibrail and Galatz, and, after an engagement with the Turks, captured the heights behind Zizlia, and forced the enemy to retire from Matchin, which is the key to the Dobrudscha; that about sixty thousand troops will cross at the points mentioned; that preparations for war are being pushed forward vigorously in England, and an order has been issued forbidding all foreign officers from visiting the naval and military departments; and that the French Chamber of Deputies has passed a supplemental naval vote of nearly 6,000,000 francs for armaments necessitated by events in the East.....John Welden, Mrs. Susan McClery and Miss Nancy Hite were murdered near Gore, O. William Jewell and Joseph King were arrested.....It was stated that "Molly Maguires" had murdered Wm. O'Connor at White Haven, Pa., and John Goody, a Lehigh colliery miner; and that James McDermott and Michael O'Brien, witnesses against several of the executed "Mollies," are thought to have been foully dealt with, as they are missing.....Wm. E. Morse, who once before tried to commit suicide by poison and then jumping into the river, hung himself in the Flatbush (L. I.) Insane Asylum.....Anthony Goble was hanged at Ellijay, Ga., for the murder of Charles Brown.....Jane More was burned to death at Tivoli, N. Y., her clothes taking fire from a pipe.....Daniel and James Hoardley, aged 19 and 17, were drowned by the capsizing of a canoe near Alexandria Bay, N. Y.....John Van Winkle, aged 25, a schoolteacher, committed suicide by taking morphine at Watertown, N. Y.....The Lovell Publishing Company of Montreal, Canada, failed; liabilities about $200,000, assets nominally much more.....In Philadelphia, Frank Kelly was acquitted of the charge of murdering a colored man named Chase. He had previously been acquitted of the murder of Prof. Catto.....Sidney Pulsifer & Co.'s bank, at Peoria, Ill., suspended.....George Brown, residing here, cut his throat, cutting his throat.

*** June 24: Mrs. Hubbell of Brooklyn, while temporarily insane, was reported to have shot her child, and then herself, at Sing Sing, N.Y.....Cable news: The official report of the fighting before Matchin reported the Russian loss to have been severe. The English Government will, it was rumored, ask for a credit of £2,000,000 to provide against eventualities, and the White Star steamers were said to have been secured in case they should be needed for transportation service. General Grant was entertained at a banquet given by the Master of the Trinity House. Austria declines to intervene in behalf of Montenegro unless the latter acknowleges herself hopelessly prostrate, and makes direct application for assistance. Austria has not yet arrived at any positive decision in regard to military measures.....Andrew Kelly, formerly a compositor in the office of *The New York Times*, was drowned while bathing at Indianapolis, Ind.....James Casey and James A. Gough of this city lost their lives in a similar way at High Bridge, the latter in trying to rescue the former.....Fires: The building 132 Bowery, occupied by the Oriental Printing-rooms, etc.—loss about $7,000; Wm. H. Hunt's store, Port Jefferson Harbor, L. I.—loss $2,500; Ordway's Cottage, hotel and stable, at Barre, Vt.—loss $4,000; Hatfield's Fireworks Factory, Williamsburg, L. I.—loss $5,000.

*** June 25: Seventy-two buildings, including the entire business portion of Marblehead, Mass., was destroyed by fire, which broke out in the Hathaway House stable, and was believed to be of incendiary origin.....The Prince of Montenegro was reported to have been murdered by his soldiers.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BRIGGS, Charles Frederick—Novelist and journalist, and in past years known as "Harry Franco," from a novel he wrote in 1839 called "The Adventures of Harry Franco—a Tale of the Great Panic," and which was speedily followed by "The Haunted Merchant" and "The Trippings of Tom Pepper." About 1845, Edgar Allan Poe having previously established *The Broadway Journal*, Mr. Briggs joined him in the editorship of it. Associated with George William Curtis and Park Godwin, he was editor of *Putnam's Magazine* from 1853 to 1856, and upon its revival in 1869 he was again its editor. About 1858-9 he was managing editor of *The New York Times*, and subsequently was engaged in the N. Y. Custom-house. He had for a number of years been connected with *The Sunday Courier*, and in 1874 became managing editor of *The Brooklyn Union*. Later he was one of the editors of *The Independent*. He was born at Nantucket, Mass., in 1810, and began life as a sailor, of which profession he became tired after a voyage or two, and came to this city—Brooklyn, N. Y., June 20, of heart-disease, aged 67.

BUCK, Lafayette—Of the firm of Buck & Robinson, and landlord of the Memphremagog House, Newport, R. I. He had for several years been connected with the United States and St. James Hotels, Boston—Newport, June 19.

CARR, Charles H.—President of the Cincinnati Coffin Works. Kicked to death by a vicious horse—Cincinnati, O., June 24.

CLARK, Judge J. M.—Of Americus, Ga.—there, June 19.

DARLINGTON, Thomas—A highly respected citizen of Miamisburg, O.—there, June 17, aged 88.

DE PEYSTER, Marie Roosevelt—Daughter of the late Capt. F. A. De Peyster of this city—Boston, Mass., June 19.

FARWELL, M. W.—Municipal Judge of Rockland, Me.—there, June 19.

FITTS, F. D.—A prominent resident of East Douglass, Mass., where he had occupied several offices of trust—there, June 16, aged 46.

FROST, W. E.—Painter of the British Royal Academy, of which he became a member in 1829, and where he first exhibited in 1836. In 1846 he was elected an associate of it. His birthplace, it is said, was Wandsworth, Eng.—that country, about June 5, aged 67.

GARRIQUES, David L.—A leading Mason of New Jersey—Wilson, N. J., June 17, aged 50.

GORDON, Adlenia M.—Wife of Dr. L. J. Gordon of Jersey City, N. J.—there, June 18, aged 32.

GOLDSBOROUGH, Commodore John R.—Born in Washington, D. C., July 2, 1808, and was appointed midshipman in the navy in 1824, serving first on the sloop-of-war Vincennes in the Mediterranean Sea. During his service there, which lasted for six years, he captured the Greek-pirate schooner Helen, with her four guns and crew of fifty-eight men, Goldsborough at the time having only eighteen men under his command. He was made Lieutenant in 1837, and commander in 1861, when he commanded the blockading steamer Union off Charleston, Savannah and Cape Hatteras, and sank the Confederate schooner York. He was made captain in 1862, and commanded the blockading steamer Florida. In 1863 he commanded the Colorado, was Flag-Captain in the West Gulf squadron. After the war he was attached to the East India squadron. On the 2d of July, 1870, he retired with the rank of commodore. He was a relative of the late Admiral Goldsborough, and his last service was as commander of the Mare Island Navy-yard—Philadelphia, June 22, aged 69.

HAMLL, Alexander—A lawyer, Republican politician in Philadelphia, Pa.—there, June 19, aged 44.

HARRISON, A. B.—Of the firm of Harrison & Redford, grocers in Warrensburg, Mo. Killed by the falling of the building in which his store was located—that place, June 19.

JONES, William—Democratic Assemblyman, he represented the Fifth District of Brooklyn, N. Y., for three years. Of apoplexy—that city, June 21.

LARUE, Watson F.—Alderman of the Fifth Ward of Newark, N. J. He was a prominent Mason, and during the Rebellion he served in the Union Army—that city, June 18, aged 42.

LEONARD, Rev. Joseph H.—Pastor of the Western Mariners' Church in Chicago, Ill. He had been continuously in the ministry for fifty years—Chicago, June 18.

LOOMIS, Charles B.—Senior member of the firm of Loomis & Thorne, insurance agents—Brooklyn, N. Y., June 20, aged 64.

MICHELL, Miss Agnes—Actress, and wife of William Herbert the comedian. (See City Summary)—this city, June 23, aged 29.

MALLISON, Francis Avery—An experienced journalist, and conspicuous as the clerk of the court during the Tilton-Beecher trial. He was born in Rome, Oneida County, this State. His literary life was entered upon as a contributor to *The Rome Sentinel*, of which he afterwards had editorial charge. In 1858 he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he was successfully connected with *The City News*, *The Eagle* and *The Society Magazine*. In 1864 he was implicated in the publication of the bogus proclamation calling for additional troops and professing to have been issued by President Lincoln. Dis ondfied him for that act in Fort Lafayette for six months. Later he was an Assemblyman. From 1870 to 1875 he was deputy clerk of the Brooklyn City Court—that city, June 22, aged 43.

OWEN, Robert Dale—The report reaches us, as we go to press, that this man of letters, politician, diplomatist, socialist, philanthropist and Spiritualist, has just died. He was the author of "New Views of Society," published in 1825; of "Hints on Public Architecture," published in 1849; and of "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World," published in 1859, and by which he best known as a Spiritualist. He was one of the first regents of the Smithsonian Institute, which he helped to found. As a Democrat he represented Indiana in Congress from 1843 to 1847, and in 1853 President Franklin Pierce appointed him *charge d'affaires* to Naples, Italy, a position he occupied until 1858. In a letter written by him from this city on Sept. 17, 1862, and which, now that he is dead, will be published for the first time, he decided President Lincoln to issue his memorable Emancipation Proclamation. "In my judgment," he wrote Lincoln, "a President with a just sense of duty has no option in such a case;" and it has been admitted that the reasons given for emancipation by Mr. Owen dissipated any doubt the President may have entertained. The deceased was the son of Robert Owen, an eminent English reformer, who came to this country in 1825, but in 1827 returned to Scotland, and died there on Nov. 19, 1858. Robert Dale Owen, who was born in New Lanark, Scotland, in 1804, was educated at Hofwyl, Switzerland, and accompanied his father to this country. His brother David, who in 1833 took up his permanent residence in the United States, became conspicuous here as a geologist, and died in New Harmony, Ind. (which his father had founded in 1826), on Nov. 13, 1860—Lake George, N. Y., June 24, aged 73.

O'NEIL, Edward—Superintendent of Police in the Dominion of Canada. It was he who succeeded in getting himself elected a member of the Fenian lodge in Toronto for the purposes of espionage, and he was also active in hunting down the murderer of Thomas D'Arcy McGee—Canada, recently.

OSTERMOOR, Catherine E.—Wife of Henry D. Ostermoor. She was one of the projectors of St. Mary's Hospital and Foundling Asylum, Brooklyn, of which she was directress for three years—Brooklyn, N. Y., June 20.

PALMER, Capt. Nathaniel P.—A veteran seafarer, the discover of Palmer's Land in the South Pacific Ocean, and in his later years a yachtsman and a member of the N. Y. Y. C. He was born in Stonington, Ct., in 1799, and for many years was in command of clipper ships—San Francisco, June 21, aged 78.

RINKER, Salem—Formerly editor of *Flake's Bulletin*, Galveston, Texas, and Treasurer of Galveston County at the time of his death. Suicide by shooting—Galveston, June 18.

ROUS, Admiral Henry John—Steward of the English Jockey Club—London, Eng., June 19, aged 82.

STILLWELL, Dr. T. H.—He was the inventor of several medical appliances, was Medical Director of the U. S. Army for some time, and was also of repute as a surgeon—Little Neck, N. Y., June 18.

SELLERS, James M.—Born in 1815 in Juniata County, Pa., where he held several offices, among them that of State Senator from 1854 to 1857. About 1862 he took up his residence in Philadelphia, where he was Draft Commissioner for a while, and later a member of the Common Council—that city, June 21, aged 62.

TEMPEST, Robert—Son of the old Philadelphia fireman, and a member of the firm of Marshall & Tempest, jewelers—that city, June 15, aged 87.

WEST, Lydia G.—Wife of William West and daughter of the late Capt. Reuben Ray of Nantucket, Mass.—Vineyard Haven, Mass., recently.

WILLIAMS, William H.—Formerly of Boston, Mass., but of late years on the police force of Chicago, Ill.—the latter city, June 19, aged 57.

WRIGHT, Mary G.—Wife of the Hon. George W. Wright, ex-Member of Congress from San Francisco, Cal.—Nantucket, Mass., June 18, aged 52.

AQUATIC.

REGATTA ON THE PASSAIC.

The third annual regatta of the Passaic River Amateur Rowing Association, composed of the Mystic, Triton, Passaic and Eureka Clubs, was held on the Passaic River, at Newark, N. J., on Tuesday, June 19. The number of spectators was estimated at eight thousand, and everything was carried out in a manner calculated to afford the fullest satisfaction. Details of the four events programmed are given below:

FOUR-OARED SHELLS, three miles, one turn.

Eureka.....Young (bow), W. Ryno, P. Young, J. Engelman (stroke)..... 1

Triton—S. A. Smith (bow), E. L. Phillips, G. W. Lee, Alex. Handy (stroke)..... 2

Mystic—Le B. Gardiner (bow), M. P. Hayne, G. G. Prefinghuysen (stroke)..... 0

The Eurekas, who went off at high pressure, soon had the first place, which they were never deprived of afterwards, although they could not afford to "easy" at any time, the Tritons laying down to their work, and, pushing the leaders all the way to the finish. Won by eleven seconds. Time, 19m. 1sec. The Mystics found the company too fast for them, and pulled out after entering upon the closing half-mile.

SINGLE SCULLS; one mile and a half, straightaway.

J. W. Adams, Mystic..... 1

F. Townley, Triton..... 2

F. Fortmeyer, Passaic..... 0

Adams dashed off with the lead, which he held to the end, Fortmeyer drawing out after going two-thirds of the journey, but Townley hanging on pluckily, and crossing the line eleven seconds to the bad. Time, 9m. 47s.

PAIR-OARED GIGS; mile and a half, straightaway.

Triton—H. E. Rommell, F. Small (stroke)..... 1

Mystic—E. Le B. Gardiner, J. A. R. Dunning (stroke) disq.

Eureka—G. H. Smyth, W. Parsil (stroke)..... 0

The Mystics took the water, and at once demonstrated that they soon had clear water between the stern of their shell and the bow-tip of the Tritons, the Eurekas failing to the rear at once, and giving up trying at the end of a half mile. The Mystics crossed over, and gave the Tritons, who were being rapidly overhauled, a wash, and, in the midst of the risk they ran, they kept at this game until a spurt by the Tritons brought them into collision. Foul was at once claimed; but the boats separated and went ahead, the Tritons coming in half a length in front. The Mystics were declared the winners, and the Tritons the first.

SIX-OARED GIGS; one mile and a half, straighaway.

Eureka—W. Clark (bow), G. Clark, J. Young, W. Ryno, P. Young, J. Angelman (stroke), J. P. Contrell (cox.) 1

Passaic—W. Pelletier (bow), G. C. Plume, W. L. Nichols, R. L. Wallace, E. A. Snyder, R. De Guiscard (stroke), E. M. Robert's (coxswain)..... 2

The Mystics also entered a crew, but refused to row because of alleged unfair action on the part of the referee in the previous race—charges which, in the opinion of those posted in regard to the rules governing boat-racing, were totally unfounded. The course pursued by the Mystics in this matter, and their tactics in the preceding contest, were all that occurred to mar the festivities of the affair. The Eurekas led from start to finish, and won by three lengths, having at one time been twice that far ahead. Time, 8m. 29s. Referee and starter, Leander Waterbury.

CORINTHIAN SCHOONER RACE.

In unfavorable contrast to that of last year was the Corinthian race for schooners, under the auspices of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, sailed on Saturday, June 23; for, although the prizes offered were rich, and the course to be sailed over promised yachtsmen exciting sport, and those who affect Corinthianism an excellent chance to sprout themselves in the blue waters, there were but two entries instead of the ten or a dozen which had been expected. These were the Rambler, 213.55 tons, Capt. W. H. Thomas, and the Idler, 191.26 tons, Commodore S. J. Colgate. The conditions of the race did not call for the manning of the competing vessels by amateur yachtsmen, only requiring that the owners of the vessels sail them. The course was twenty miles southeast from Buoy No. 5, off Sandy Hook; and when the signal was given to start, at 10.30 A. M., the wind was south-southeast, and the tide nearing the last of the ebb. The boats were over the line with bosom sail to port, the Rambler getting first to cross at 10.42.26, followed by the Idler at 10.43.32. The steamer Cyclops, carrying the regatta committee and a few others, now steamed away, with log overboard, to establish the turning-point, being the only vessel of any kind which accompanied the racers. First to catch the strengthening breeze outside, the Rambler increased her lead, her unusually lengthy topmasts giving her a decided advantage over the Idler, whose owner waved his right to carry club topsails. Until after rounding the mark, there was nothing attaching to the contest which smacked of excitement, the vessels remaining about the same distance apart, and the barrel buoy being turned by the Rambler at 1.28.03, and the Idler at 1.34.19. The wind was now coming out very stiff from nearly due south, having been gradually working in that direction since shortly after the boats got outside, and the racers flew homewards with all the canvas up that their poles would stand. A half-hour or so after turning, the maintopmast staysail-sheet of the Rambler parted; but scarcely anything was lost by it, another sheet being rove and the sail reset in a few minutes. The wind continued to freshen until a three-knot breeze was sending the yachts booming along so fast that it was impossible for the Cyclops, with all steam on, to get up with the Idler, which, fast as she was going, was yet falling behind the Rambler, the latter having seldom been favored with as much breeze which suited her so well as now. She was about two miles ahead, and maintained this distance until just before making the bar, when the clew of her jibtopsail gave way, and before it could be taken in the sail was split. Directly afterwards the rope of the maintopmast-staysail parted, and, flying out, cut the sheet into shreds in a moment, a portion of it dragging in the water astern. This threw the leader back somewhat; but she held on bravely, passing the finishing point nearly eight minutes ahead. As the Cyclops was a considerable distance astern, the time of arrival had to be taken on board the contesting yachts. The subjoined table gives the finish, elapsed time and corrected time:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Rambler.....	3h. 17m. 19s.	4h. 34m. 53s.	4h. 34m. 53s.
Idler.....	3 26 03	4 42 31	4 38 28

The Rambler thus won by 8m. 2s., she having allowed the Idler 4m. 8sec—the rate allowed her under New York Club rules, and over the regular course of the latter, but only about one-half of what she was entitled to under the Seawanhaka Club regulations. This was the result of a special agreement between the owners of the vessels, the regatta committee consenting.

EMPIRE YACHT CLUB.

The initial regatta of this metropolitan club was held on Tuesday, June 19, from the club-house, foot of 104th street. The entries numbered twenty-seven, of whom twenty-one started, viz., Cabin yachts—Lulu Beard, 36ft. 6½in., owned by J. Stroebel; Chester A. Arthur, 34ft. 2in.; Water Witch, 31ft. 4½in., J. MacDuff; Maggie, 29ft. 7in., E. S. Zoble. First-class open-sloops—Polly, 28ft., George Roahr; Cricket, 28ft., Doyle & Cullen. Second-class open-sloops—Pluck and Luck, 24ft. 8½in., E. Spahn; Inspector, 24ft., W. O. Davis; Martha Munn, 24ft., John O'Brien. Third-class open-boats—Katie, 22ft. 4in., A. Conklin; Mary Gibson, 22ft., A. Gibson; Sophia Emma, 21ft. 10in., J. Varian; Emma D., 20ft. 6in., J. C. Dowling; Peter O'Brian, 19ft. 10in., Theo. Wisby; Rosina, 19ft. 9½in., 6th Barker; Marvel, 20ft., D. Gallagher; J. N. Lanthier, 21ft. 6in., A. L. Brush. Fourth-class open-boats—Cora D., 18ft., A. Wright; Varian Jr., 17ft. 3in., L. Cammerer; Gilbert J. Orr, 16ft. 10½in., W. O. Davis; Plug Ugly, 15ft. 8in., H. Rodman. The course was from the club-house to the Stepping-stones buoy, in Long Island Sound, and return—about twenty miles in all. The yachts, starting with the smallest, were sent off at intervals of a few minutes, the first signal being given at 12.02, and the last at 12.15. There was a good sailing breeze from the southwest, and it was the first regatta of the day. The wind almost died away after the boats got fairly into the Sound, and the race was for some time slow and wearisome. The famous little Pluck and Luck quickly picked up the third and fourth-class boats, and rounded the Stepping-stones buoy first, followed by the other boats in the order given: Sophia Emma, Mary Gibson, Martha Munn, Polly, Katie, Cora D., Inspector, Emma, Peter O'Brian, Water Witch, J. N. Lanthier, Rosina, Marvel, C. A. Arthur, Varian, Maggie, Isabella Bearn, Plug Ugly and Orr. On the run home the wind, which had come again before the boats reached the buoy, held good from the same quarter as at starting, and, the tide favoring until they were abreast of Fort Schuyler, the leading yachts made good time, the Pluck and Luck outstripping all her competitors. The Martha Munn, a new boat, went forward and took second place, which, after a struggle, she was forced to resign to the Polly. The finish was as follows: Pluck and Luck, Polly, Martha Munn, Cricket, C. A. Arthur, Sophia Emma, Peter O'Brian, Mary Gibson, Rosina, Water Witch, J. N. Lanthier, Maggie, Isabella Bearn and Cora D. The other boats were so far behind that the order of their arrival was not noted. The Arthur won on time-allowance in the cabin-class, but a protest was entered against her on the ground that she had not been properly entered. In the first class of open boats the Polly won, beating the Cricket 18m. 1s. In the second class of open boats the Pluck and Luck won, beating the Martha Munn 16m. 16s. In the third class the Sophia Emma won, beating the Peter O'Brian 6s. In the fourth class the Cora D. won. The Pluck and Luck also won the champion pennant of the club, as the first boat in irrespective of class.

A TWO-MILE RACE for $20, between J. Quinn and E. Chubbuck, took place at South Weymouth, Mass., June 18. Chubbuck won.

CENTRAL HUDSON YACHT CLUB.

Fair weather, but a light wind, prevailed on Monday, June 18, when was held the annual June regatta of the Central Hudson Yacht Club. The contestants for the six prizes offered numbered seven, three each in the first and second classes and one in the third. Names: First-class—W. R. Brown, 27ft. 3in., owned by C. F. Brown; Victoria, 27ft. 4½in., John R. Roosevelt; Fidget, 27ft. 11in., Irving Grinnell. Second-class—Mollie, 22ft. 2in., Osborne Brothers; Freak, 22ft. 4in.; J. H. Weddle; Eloise, 22ft. 10in., F. Newbold. Third-class—A. S. Ring, 19ft

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

LEAGUE CLUB GAMES.

June 26, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
June 28, Louisville vs. Boston, at Boston.
June 28, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
June 30, Louisville vs. Boston, at Boston.
June 30, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 2, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 4, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 4, Hartford vs. St. Louis at St. Louis.

OTHER CLUB GAMES.

June 26, Buckeye vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
June 26, Delaware vs. Enterprise, at Port Jervis.
June 26, Star vs. Tecumseh, at Toronto, Can.
June 26, Hoboken vs. Amerieus, at Jersey City.
June 26, Keystone vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.
June 26, 27, Indianapolis vs. Red Caps, at Indianapolis.
June 26, Boston vs. Hartford, in Boston.
June 26, Louisville vs. Fall River, in Fall River.
June 27, Louisville vs. Hartford, in Brooklyn.
June 27, Mutual vs. St. Louis Stewarts, at Jamesville.
June 27, Metacomet and Bristol vs. Boston, at New Bedford.
June 27, Erie vs. Tecumseh, at Buffalo.
June 27, Keystone vs. Alaska, at Jersey City.
June 27, 28, 29, 30, Buckeye vs. Maple Leaf, at Guelph, Can.
June 28, Alaska vs. Keystone, at Jersey City.
June 28, Indianapolis vs. Memphis Reds, at Indianap.
June 29, Enterprise vs. Keystone, at Jersey City.
June 29, 30, Star vs. Live Oak, at Syracuse.
June 30, Nameless vs. Osceola, at Brooklyn.
June 30, Alaska of S. I. vs. Somers, at Staten Island.
June 30, Enterprise vs. Orange, at Orange, N. J.
June 30, Crystal vs. Winona, at Brooklyn.
June 30, Harvard vs. Yale, at Jamesville.
July 2, Tecumseh vs. Hartford, at London, Can.
July 2, Brooklyn vs. Volunteer, at Poughkeepsie.
July 2, Mutual of Jamesville vs. Racine, at Racine, Wis.

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

The contests for the international pennant up to June 24 leave the Allegheny Club in the van, with the Manchesters second and the Rochesters third, the full record being as follows:

	Allegheny	Buckeye	Live Oak	Manchester	Maple Leaf	Mutual	Rochester	Tecumseh	Games Won.	Games Lost.
Allegheny	0	1	2	1	1	1	1	0	7	3
Buckeye	0	0	4	0	0	1	0	1	6	5
Live Oak	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	3	6
Manchester	1	1	2	0	0	2	0	0	6	3
Maple Leaf	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6
Rochester	1	2	1	1	0	2	0	0	7	3
Tecumseh	0	0	0	0	2	1	1	0	4	6
Games Lost	4	4	9	3	6	4	1	1	31	

Last week, by an error in crediting the Rochesters instead of the Stars a victory over the Tecumsehs, the former were given a game too many.

THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The failure of the Cincinnati firm has disturbed the regular routine of business in the League-pennant contest, and things are quoted as in a rather "mixed" condition at present. It appears that the Cincinnati Club has not been a legal member of the Association since June 15, and therefore the games played by that club cannot all be counted in the championship record. The new rules of the League for 1877 provide that in case of a club's failure to carry out its regularly arranged programme of games from any cause, such as disbandment, for instance, then only a minority of the games they have played shall be counted—that is, the smallest number of games they have played with any one club is, under such circumstances, to be taken as a basis, and a number of games with all other clubs only are recorded. Thus the Cincinnati Club have played only two games each with the Hartford and Boston Clubs, and therefore only the first two games the club played with the other three nines are to be counted. By this arrangement the Hartford and Boston Clubs count two victories each, and the Chicago, St. Louis and Louisvilles one victory and one defeat each.

Inasmuch as nothing can be legally done in regard to changing the count until a meeting of the League is called—and such meeting will be held early in July, when the Eastern nines go West—we give below the full record up to June 24, which includes all the games played by the Cincinnati Club.

	Boston	Brooklyn	Chicago	Cincinnati	Louisville	St. Louis	Games Won.	Games Lost.
Boston		2	4	2	2	1	11	11
Brooklyn	2		3	3	1	1	10	12
Chicago	0			3	1	2	7	7
Cincinnati	0		0		1	1	2	18
Louisville	1		2	3		2	8	11
St. Louis	1		2	3	2		8	11
Games Lost	5		6	13	6	7	8	53

A summary of the above shows the contesting nines occupying the following relative positions:

	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Ply'd.
Boston	11	5	1	17
Louisville	11	7	0	18
St. Louis	11	8	0	19
Brooklyn	10	8	0	18
Chicago	7	13	0	20
Cincinnati	3	14	0	17
Totals	53	53	2	108

Throwing out all but the two games first played, the positions of the nines would now be as follow:

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
Boston	11	5	St. Louis	8	11
Brooklyn	10	6	Chicago	5	12
Louisville	9	7	Cincinnati	3	14

The suspect is, however, that the new Cincinnati Athletic Club will be permitted to take the place of the Cincinnati Club, in which case they would also take the latter club's record.

LOUISVILLE vs. HARTFORD.

The fourth game between these clubs, played in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 25, resulted in a victory for the Louisvilles, which they did not deserve, as but for two erroneous decisions of the umpire in the first inning the score would have been 4 to 2 in favor of the Louisvilles. As it was, it required eleven innings' play to decide the game, and then the Hartfords won by a score of 5 to 4. This victory places them second to Boston in the championship race, as an examination of the record will show. The two nines play East on Tuesday, the Hartfords at Boston and the Louisvilles at Newark, and then they return and play in Brooklyn again on Wednesday. The score tells the story of this game:

HARTFORD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
McGeary, c. f.	1	0	0	1	0	0
Holdsworth, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Start, 1st b.	0	1	1	15	0	0
Burdock, 2b.	0	0	1	1	2	5
Carey, s. s.	0	0	0	1	4	0
Ferguson, p.	0	0	0	2	1	0
York, l. f.	0	0	0	2	0	0
Cassidy, r. f.	0	1	0	2	0	0
Allison, c.	0	0	0	4	1	0
Larkin, p.	0	0	0	1	0	5
Totals	2	2	2	30	8	10

LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hines, 2d b.	0	0	0	4	3	0
Hague, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	2	1
Anson, 3d b.	0	0	1	4	0	0
Peters, s. s.	0	0	0	1	4	0
Glenn, l. f.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Spalding, 1b.	0	0	0	18	0	0
Smith, c. f.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Bradley, p.	0	0	0	0	4	0
Quinn, r. f.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	0	1	1	35	13	1

	Hartford	Louisville
First base on errors	0	1
Left on bases	5	3
Double plays	0	1
Passed balls	1	0
Wild pitches	0	0
Time of game	2h. 25m.	

HARTFORD vs. CHICAGO.

The fourth game between these clubs was played in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 21, and the result was a "Chicago" for the champions, the Hartfords winning by a score of 6 to 0. The Chicago nine played a far better game than on Tuesday—in fact, it was one of the best fielding displays they have made on their tour; and yet it was by their fielding errors alone that the Hartfords were enabled to score a single run up to the ninth inning. Spalding and Peters played a model fielding game in their respective positions, the former fielding out five men himself, and eighteen in all, while Peters disposed of eight, seven of which were by excellent assistance. The Chicagos tried McVey behind the bat up to the seventh inning, when his hands became too sore, and Anson took his place. The latter played a good fielding-game, not making an error, either at third or behind the bat. In one inning the Chicagos played in splendid style. It was the sixth, and Larkin opened it with a clean three-base hit, he being first striker. As Holdsworth, Start and Burdock had to follow, a run was considered certain; but Spalding fielded out Holdsworth in such a way as to prevent Larkin running in, and then threw to his base to touch it in order to put Holdsworth out, but running up to him at home-base and touching him. Then Start hit a "rattler" to Bradley, who stopped the ball splendidly, and, catching Larkin between third and home, passed the ball to McVey, and he and Anson put the runner out, a good foul-bound catch by Anson ending the inning. The fielding in this inning was a fine sample of what sharp play in the field can do to prevent even a run from a third-base hit by the first striker in an inning. Peter to him, the Hartfords had two men on earned bases, when Ferguson hit a terribly hot-liner to Spalding, which he held on the fly in grand style, making a double-play by touching his base before Casey could get back. It was a hit that would have insured two bases and one earned run had he not touched, and it was a far harder-hit ball than the one McVey dropped at third base in the game of Tuesday. It was roundly applauded, as were all the good plays, the Brooklyn spectators being quite impartial. The Hartfords scored their single run in the third inning, a passed ball allowing them to escape a blank. It was the same thing in the fourth, when Cassidy, after two men were out, made a three-base hit. And just here we have a word or two to say to Anson and McVey about their disputing decisions of the umpire. Cassidy, in running to third base, slid in safe to the base before Anson touched him, and the umpire decided him out. Instead of silently acquiescing in the decision of the umpire, Anson stood there as if the out was too plain to be mistaken. McVey did a similar thing when he was plainly put out by Ferguson in the first and last innings. The captain alone has any right to appeal on an apparently erroneous decision, and then only when a misinterpretation of the rules is involved in the decision. We noticed, too, that Carey called out to the umpire, when he was put out by Peters at second in the sixth inning: "He didn't touch me." Surely he knows well enough that the umpire would have violated the rules to have reversed his decision on the testimony of any player in the case of base-running. Wherefor the need of making any such remark? In the seventh inning dropped-fly-balls by Smith and Quinn gave the Hartfords another unearned run, not a base-hit being made in the inning. In the ninth inning Ferguson hit a low line-ball to left field, which Glenn tried well to get under; but though he touched the ball, it was impossible for him to hold it. Ferguson being justly credited with a base-hit, and Glenn not charged with any error. Four of the nine base-hits made by the Hartfords were pretty right-field hits, while the Chicago batsmen made such a hit in only one inning. In the ninth inning Burdock opened with a clean right-field hit. Then Carey hit to Peters, who fielded the ball in time to Hines to make a double-play; but Hines let it go by him, and two lives were given. Then Ferguson gave that very slight chance to Glenn for a fly-catch. Only eight balls had been thrown out at second by Anson from behind the bat. Now it was that York came to the rescue with a safe liner to right field for two bases, on which Ferguson ran home, and on Cassidy's fine single base-hit York scored in turn. A double-play by Hines and then dismissed of Allison and Cassidy, and ended the inning with one run earned off the pitching. It was earned, too, when the Hartfords had a won game in hand, and could go to the bat with the confidence such a condition of affairs produces. The pitching in this game was first-class on both sides. As regards Bradley's pitching in the two games, all we have to say is that his superior has not been seen on the Union Grounds this season. But he requires a catcher *par excellence* to enable him to pitch with his best effect. Only eight balls were called on him in the entire game—less than half that were called on Larkin, and yet the latter pitched well. A feature of the latter's play is his great nerve under circumstances when most pitchers either "lose their head" and get "rattled," or fail to be equal to the emergency in some essential particular. To see Larkin at his best is to see him pitch when a player is on third base and but one man out. This is just "the time that tries men's souls," when they happen to be pitchers. Jemmy Allison caught finely in this game, he ending the sixth inning with a splendid fly-tip catch when there was a man at third trying to get in. Burdock fielded excellently again in the game, he showing model second-base play, and Ferguson was all that was required at third base. And as for "Old Reliable," Joe was at home again in this match, he having been out on a visit somewhere in the previous contest. This game, though better played than the match of Tuesday, again showed up the weakness of the Hartford and Chicago team, which is referred to in our report of that match.

HARTFORD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Holdsworth, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Start, 1st b.	1	0	1	15	0	0
Burdock, 2b.	0	1	1	2	5	0
Carey, s. s.	0	0	0	1	2	0
Ferguson, p.	0	0	0	1	2	0
York, l. f.	0	0	0	2	0	0
Cassidy, r. f.	0	0	1	2	0	0
Allison, c.	0	0	0	7	2	0
Larkin, p.	0	0	0	1	0	5
Totals	1	1	3	30	11	5

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hines, 2d b.	0	0	0	4	3	0
Hague, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	2	1
Anson, 3d b.	0	0	1	4	0	0
Peters, s. s.	0	0	0	1	4	0
Glenn, l. f.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Spalding, 1b.	0	0	0	18	0	0
Smith, c. f.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Bradley, p.	0	0	0	0	4	0
Quinn, r. f.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	0	0	1	31	13	1

	Hartford	Chicago
First base on errors	1	0
Left on bases	3	0
Double plays	0	1
Passed balls	0	0
Wild pitches	0	0
Time of game	1h. 50m.	

HARTFORD vs. LOUISVILLE.

The last of the League Club tourists of June, the Louisvilles—the Cincinnatis having disbanded—put in an appearance on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday, June 23, and they were received by one of the largest and most respectable assemblages of spectators seen on the grounds this season, over two thousand people passing the turnstiles. The gathering of such a crowd proved pretty plainly the importance to the pecuniary interests of the League Association of their having a thoroughly reliable and disciplined nine to represent them in the metropolis. Just in proportion as the Hartfords have shown dry their steady, earnest efforts to win in every game they have played, and their strength and skill as a splendid fielding team) that they are worthy of the patronage of the best class of the admirers of the game, have the crowd of spectators been increased. Success brings success, of course; but there is nothing so attractive in a professional corps of experts in any sport as a reputation for thorough integrity in their efforts to win. It seemed to be generally expected that the Hartfords would on this occasion find the Louisvilles a tough team to play at all matches of the tour series, and yet the defeats sustained by the Louisvilles, the same week at Syracuse and Binghamton had led the New-Yorkers to hope for another victory for the home team. But the Louisvilles had not put forth their full strength until they reached Brooklyn; and, moreover, they had an extra incentive to win in that city, considering that the Brooklyns had previously won double victories from the Boston, St. Louis and Chicago nines. At any rate, the match went on the field in the better winning form than we have ever seen them appear before, and, playing an excellent batting as well as fielding game, they achieved a creditable victory—one, too, they had a right to be proud of, as it was a game marked by first-class fielding, effective batting and generally good sentiment.

The contest opened in a manner which showed that Dame Fortune was not with the home nine this time; for, after the Hartfords had been easily retired in their first inning, the Louisvilles gave the field chasers off the pickings of two of them without scoring. Instead of a blank, however, two unearned runs were scored, and in this way: Latham opened with a safe hit; but Hague popped up a high fly-ball, which fell safely between Larkin and Allison, the former not going for it because he thought it would fall foul, and Allison not seeing it on account of the glare of the sun. After this escape, Hall and Devlin made base-hits, which brought Latham and Hague home, the latter—after Shaffer had been caught out—being forced out on a double-play by Carey, Burdock and Start. In the second inning this advantage was offset by the good batting of Carey and York, during the same inning of the latter of whom had been given a life by Craver's poor throw—sending Carey and Ferguson home. Gerhardt made a wonderful stop of Carey's hard-hit ball to right field in this inning. These runs left the score equal, and the succeeding innings became deeply interesting, as it was already plain to be seen that the Louisvilles meant "biz," and were not a team to be so easily got rid of as the Chicagos had been. In the second inning Craver made a safe hit, and, being assisted round by an overpitch and Snyder's base-hit, he came home on Crowley's fly-ball to York, the ball not being handled by Allison in time at home base, the throw-in being rather low. A splendid double-play by Carey, Burdock and Start cut off the next inning, and ended the play, leaving the Louisvilles in the run by 3 to 2. Nothing was done in the way of run-getting on either side after that until the sixth inning, despite the fact that Cassidy opened the fifth with a fine three-base hit. On Allison's hit to Gerhardt, however, Cassidy was caught at the home plate, and in the inning was closed by a brilliant catch by Latham. Larkin had reached first on his third strike—Snyder missing the ball—when Ferguson struck a splendid liner towards right field, which would have sent Burdock home, but Latham jumped up, and, clutching the ball in "muscular claws," held the ball in a style which brought down the house. The inning was an illustration of the effects of ill-luck and good play combined against the success of the Hartfords. In the seventh inning Devlin made a safe bounder to right-field, and Devlin also hit safely for his base. Shaffer was then caught on a foul-fly, on which, by the way, Devlin ran to his second, and by Holdsworth having previously given Hall two bases on a cross-hit to Carey—Larkin's good hit to centre-field—Holdsworth again muffing—Hall and Devlin scored, Craver's hit to Carey giving the latter a chance to throw out Gerhardt at home base, while Craver was thrown out at second by Allison. Burdock plainly fielded the ball, as he touched the bag, and touched Craver; but, as he dropped the ball in the act of touching, or rather after touching the runner, Craver appealed. It should be known that the rule is different this year from that of 1876, inasmuch as last year, if the ball was dropped, whether held on the base or not, the runner was out. This year the ball must be plainly seen to be held before touching; and if this is done, the runner is out, even if the act of collision should knock the ball out of the fielder's hands. These remarks explain the reason for the winning position, from which the Hartfords failed to dislodge them. In the eighth inning the Hartfords made an effort to rally at the bat, Larkin opening with a base-hit, after which Holdsworth hit a ball down at home-base, which both Devlin and Snyder seemed to think the latter got the ball in time, however; and on Devlin's high throw a run would have been scored and Holdsworth have reached his base, had not Gerhardt backed up Latham finely, thereby preventing Devlin's overthrow. Strikes called—off Foley, 21; Bloing, 16. Umpire, G. F. White. Time, 1h. 45m.

LOWELL vs. LIVE OAK.

The Lowell, Mass., nine visited Lynn on June 21, and in a poorly-played game with the Live Oaks were easily successful.

LOWELL.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Crane, 2d b.	2	2	1	2	1
Whitney, l. f.	2	2	2	0	0
Foley, p.	1	0	1	2	1
Sullivan, c.	3	2	8	1	2
Lennon, 3d b.	2	0	2	2	1
Hawes, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Pigott, r. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Wright, s. s.	1	2	2	3	0
Knight, 1st b.	1	1	21	0	2
Totals	15	13	27	9	10

LIVE OAK.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hayes, 2d b.	0	0	2	1	2
Fitzpatrick, 3d b.	0	0	1	0	3
Allen, s. s.	0	0	1	0	4
Adams, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Mason, c.	0	0	5	0	0
Duffy, p.	0	0	0	5	0
Reilly, c.	0	0	1	10	1
Carpenter, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Fogarty, 1st b.	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	0	0	5	27	12

	Lowell	Live Oak
Earned runs	1	0
Left on bases	4	5
Double plays	0	0
Passed balls	1	0
Wild pitches	0	0
Time of game	1h. 30m.	

Umpire, Robt. McNichol. Time, 1h. 30m.

BOSTON vs. ST. LOUIS.

Decidedly the most disastrous defeat the St. Louis Club have received this season was sustained at Boston, Mass., June 19, when the Reds more than made up for their reverses at the Mound City by winning by thirteen runs, after blanking their opponents in every inning. It was Bond and Brown, with perfect support on all sides, that won so creditable a victory. Give and take was the rule for six innings, and then the Reds went to batting with a vengeance, eight single and two double base-hits rolling up nine runs in a single inning, three being earned. Sutton and Morrill made two safe hits each in this inning. Three runs, one earned, came from four single and two two-base hits in the eighth inning, errors by Batdin and Croft assisting.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, 2d b	6	2	3	4	4	0
Leonard, s. s.	6	2	2	1	3	0
J. White, r. f.	5	2	2	2	0	0
O'Rourke, l. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0
Sutton, 3d b.	5	2	2	1	2	0
Brown, c.	5	2	3	7	2	0
Morrill, 1st b.	5	1	3	9	0	0
Murnan, c. f.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Bond, p.	5	2	2	0	4	0
Totals	44	13	17	27	15	0

ST. LOUIS.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Deegan, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Clapp, c.	4	0	1	6	2	1
McGeary, 2b	3	0	1	4	6	1
Battin, 3d b.	3	0	0	1	2	4
Force, s. s.	3	0	0	1	2	4
Remsen, c. f.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Croft, 1st b.	4	0	1	13	1	0
Nichols, p.	3	0	0	0	5	0
Totals	29	0	4	27	19	9

	Boston	St. Louis
Earned runs	3	0
Two-base hits	2	0
Three-base hits	1	0
Left on bases	6	5
Double plays	1	0
Passed balls	0	0
Wild pitches	0	0
Time of game	2h. 10m.	

Umpire, D. Reddan. Scorer, O. Hayford.

The St. Louis Stocking would like to hear from all junior clubs eighteen years of age or under. Address W. Mount, 539 Bramhall avenue, Jersey City.

LOWELL vs. ST. LOUIS.

Wednesday, June 20, the St. Louis Browns visited Lowell, Mass., and were finely taken into camp by the home team. The game was full of brilliant plays, and was exciting in the extreme till the last man retired. Piggott made a brilliant one-handed catch while on the dead run in the seventh inning, which "brought down the house," and for which he is to have a gold watch as a token of the spectators. Whitney threw Clappout at the home-plate from left field, which was a fine piece of playing. The batting was weak on both sides. Blong and Foley were supported in fine style in the field.

LOWELL.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Crane, 2d b.	1	1	2	1	0
F. Whiting, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Foley, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Piggott, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Whiting, 3d b.	0	0	1	4	0
Hawes, c.	0	0	2	0	0
Sullivan, c.	0	1	5	0	1
Wright, s. s.	0	0	2	2	1
Knight, 1st b.	1	0	10	0	0
Totals	3	4	27	11	4

ST. LOUIS.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, c.	0	0	5	2	3
Clapp, r. f.	0	0	0	1	0
McGeary, 2d b.	0	0	1	2	0
Battin, 3d b.	0	0	1	5	2
Force, s. s.	0	0	2	3	0
Remsen, c. f.	0	0	0	1	0
Croft, 2d b.	0	0	1	1	0
Blong, p.	0	0	1	0	0
Dehiman, 1st b.	0	0	1	10	3
Totals	0	0	27	15	10

	Lowell	St. Louis
Earned runs	0	0
Left on bases	3	4
Double plays	0	0
Passed balls	0	0
Wild pitches	0	0
Time of game	1h. 45m.	

Passed balls—Sullivan, 0; Dorgan, 2. Struck out—Crane, Foley, Piggott, Battin, Croft. Balls called—off Foley, 24; Blong, 31. Strikes called—off Foley, 21; Blong, 16. Umpire, G. F. White. Time, 1h. 45m.

MILWAUKEE CLUB GAMES.

Two victories were won by the Milwaukee (Wis.) Club over strong nines during the past week. They first encountered the Memphis Reds at Milwaukee June 19, and, by superior play all round, defeated them by one run. On the following day they tackled the St. Paul (Minn.) Red Caps, and beat them by two runs, not a single fielding error having been committed by either team, which is worth saying. Sutton and Morrill made two safe hits each in this inning. Three runs, one earned, came from four single and two two-base hits in the eighth inning, errors by Batdin and Croft assisting.

MILWAUKEE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Morgan, s. s.	5	0	1	4	1	0
Mallon, 3b.	5	0	1	8	0	0
Bennett, c.	4	0	1	7	3	1
Lawler, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	1	2
Andrus, p.	3	0	0	1	6	1
Turner, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Macdon'd, 2b	3	0	1	3	1	1
Dairy'ple, l. f.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Schaffer, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	36	1	3	27	12	5

MEMPHIS.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Walker, 1st b.	4	0	0	12	0	0
Brickett, 3b.	4	0	0	0	4	1
Redmond, s. s.	4	0	0	1	3	1
Shoup, 2b.	3	0	0	2	3	0
Maloney, r. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Oakes, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Burkalow, p.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Kennedy, c.	3	0	0	11	0	5
Moore, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	30	0	0	27	14	7

	Milwaukee	Memphis
Earned runs	1	0
Left on bases	5	6
Double plays	0	0
Passed balls	0	0
Wild pitches	0	0
Time of game	1h. 35m.	

Struck out—Milwaukee, 5; Memphis, 4. Two-base hit—Redmond. Left on bases—Milwaukee, 5; Memphis, 7. Umpire, Mr. Furlong. Time, 1h. 35m.

MILWAUK'E.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Morgan, s. s.	5	1	1	2	0	0
Mallon, 3b.	5	1	1	1	2	0
Bennett, c.	4	0	1	7	0	0
Andrus, 3d b.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Lawler, 2b.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Turner, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Dairy'ple, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Schaffer, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Weaver, p.	5	1	2	0	4	0
Totals	39	3	6	18	8	0

RED CAP.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Gault, 1st b.	4	1	1	16	0	2
Hall, 2b.	4	0	1	2	3	0
Ellick, 3d b.	4	0	1	3	4	0
Miller, 2d b.	3	0	1	2	2	0
Bielby, c. f.	3	0	1	2	0	0
Gross, c.	3	0	0	7	2	0
Ely, l. f.	3	0	1	2	0	0
Allison, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Berger, c.	3	0	0	3	0	0
Salisbury, p.	3	0	0	1	4	3
Totals	34	1	6	38	15	5

	Milwaukee	St. Paul
Earned runs	1	0
Left on bases	6	5
Double plays	0	0
Passed balls	0	0
Wild pitches	0	0
Time of game	1h. 45m.	

Umpire, D. Reddan. Scorer, O. Hayford.

The St. Louis Stocking would like to hear from all junior clubs eighteen years of age or under. Address W. Mount, 539 Bramhall avenue, Jersey City.

WHITE SOX vs. ECKFORD.

A very fine game was played at St. Louis June 19 between the White Sox and the Eckfords, thirteen innings being played with this result:

WHITE SOX.	R.	PO.	K.
Wilker, l. f.	0	3	0
Gorman, c.	1	12	0
Vogler, 1st b.	1	11	0
Beele, p.	0	1	1
Metzger, 3d b.	1	1	0
Conka, c.	0	6	0
May, 2d b.	0	3	0
Edelmann, c. f.	1	0	0
Fellner, r. f.	0	1	0
Totals	5	37	1

ECKFORD.	R.	PO.	K.
Jobin, p.	1	4	0
Leon, 1st b.	0	12	0
Meyer, s. s.	0	2	0
Smith, c.	0	6	0
Werner, 2d b.	2	0	0
Sauter, 3d b.	0	1	0
F. James, r. f.	1	0	0
B. James, c. f.	1	0	0
Hoffman, l. f.	1	0	0
Totals	6	27	0

	White Sox	Eckford
Runs earned	0	2
Left on bases	0	0
Double plays	0	0
Passed balls	0	0
Wild pitches	0	0
Time of game	2h. 30m.	

Runs earned—2 each. Left on bases—Whites, 8; Eckford, 4. Double-plays—Jorns, Vogler and Shaefer, 1. Errors—Whites, 3; Eckford, 3. Umpire, Adam Miller. Time, 2h. 45m.

HENRY vs. UNITY.

In a game for the amateur championship of Chicago, Ill., between the Unitys and Henrys, June 18, the latter were victorious, after a well-played game.

HENRY.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Tarrelly, c.	1	2	9	0	1
Boleyn, p.	1	1	2	4	1
M. Hengel, 3d b	1	4	2	4	1
Dolan, l. f.	0	2	1	0	0
Bowers, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0
E. Hengel, 2d b	1	1	2	3	1
Phillips, 1st b.	0	2	9	0	1
O'Connor, s. s.	0	0	3	0	0
Totals	7	12	36	17	6

UNITY.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hayden, 1st b.	0	0	12	0	1
Loughner, 3d b	2	1	2	6	0
Loftus, 2d b.	0	1	4	0	0
Jourdan, c. f.	0	2	1	0	0
Ryan, s. s.	1	0	3	4	3
Maxwell, r. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Forrest, p.	0	0	0	7	2
Totals	4	5	36	18	10

	Henry	Unity
Earned runs	1	0
Left on bases	6	7
Double plays	0	1
Passed balls	1	0

CHARLES ALFONZO'S LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EMAC CROOK.

Mr. Charles Alfonzo Peny
Was an up-town dry-goods clerk;
He had features handsome, very,
And a moustache like a Turk,
And a firmly fixed opinion
That he wasn't born to work.

Such a face as his was never
Fashioned for a salesman low;
It betokened talents clever—
People said he looked like Poe—
And he felt himself belittled
Measuring tape and calico.

Mande Virginia De Ozes
Was a pretty ballet girl;
She had cheeks as red as roses
Hiding lips of purest pearl,
And such hair! the same had cost her
Fully fifty cents a curl!

When, in gauzy robes bespangled,
On the stage she nimbly dashed,
Every manly heart was mangled
As she stood there half-abashed,
While Alfonzo was both mangled
And emphatically mashed.

Thereupon he sent her flowers—
Fragile but expensive wares;
Met her at unseemly hours;
Swore as every lover swears;
And of gloves, the best four-buttoned,
Gave her more than twenty pairs!

And he told her of his riches,
How his purse with gold was lined,
Seeking to deceive her, which is
Risky work with womankind,
As the hero of this story
To his sore distress did find.

For it happened, one bright morning,
To Alfonzo's store there came,
Without any word of warning,
Maud Virginia, his flame;
And the fires of love were kindled
Straightway into fires of shame.

Oh, that she should see him standing
There, behind the counter's row,
With his figure, so commanding,
Flanked by piles of calico—
He who told her of his riches—
'Twas, in sooth, a fearful blow!

And, what made it doubly galling,
Not a syllable she said,
But with haughtiness appalling
Bought a spool of cotton-thread;
Then departed, leaving Penny
Like the flannels round him—red!

Now no more's Alfonzo smitten
By the power which is love's,
And he thinks he's sorely bitten
By the cruelest of doves,
Or he only got the mitten
In return for all his gloves!

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. J. W. FOX.

There went a vague, fearful rumor through the village—a whisper that something had happened at "the house on the hill." The solitary tenant had always lived in the most perfect retirement, but for a day or two had been missed from his accustomed lonely walks, and the house, though always lonely, now wore a certain air of mystery, and somehow an unusual aspect; and, impelled by the strongest curiosity, I joined the awed, whispering party that hurried up the hill.

The house in question had long borne an unenviable reputation among our simple villagers—that of being haunted. Little or nothing was known of the original builders or tenants, but dark stories were told of terrible scenes enacted there in times gone by; and it was averred a deed of blood was done there one calm Summer night—that a father's hand was reddened with the blood of his son, and that a bitter curse hung over the house, and cast its shadow upon those who inhabited therein.

There was not wanting those who, with bated breath, declared they had seen spectral shapes flitting about in the gloaming—a handsome, pale-faced boy with an awful horror in his staring eyes, and a gray-haired man with averted face, wringing his blood-stained hands in dumb despair.

The villagers were all too superstitious to occupy a "haunted house;" and, as few strangers came to our hamlet, the house remained empty, and was fast falling into decay, when, on the early March day, a stranger rode up to our little tavern, and, after a few hasty inquiries, passed on up the hill. Our gossips were immediately on the alert, anxious to know and hear; but a look of reserved dignity on his face warned off impertinent questions, and the boldest and most curious among them all felt themselves held at a distance.

The next day, however, a large wagon, laden with carefully covered boxes, rolled heavily into the village and up the hill, and at the long-disused iron-gate he obligingly unlocked, and its contents transferred to the house. Carpenters and masons came down, and, after a week or two of incessant work, the house stood as it was remembered in its better days, and the stranger took up his residence there.

Nothing was known of him save that his name was Mark Lyndon, and that he was evidently a man of fortune. Who attended to his personal wants or household matters none knew, for most questions received brief answers, and some none at all, and he offered no information himself.

He was fond much on the brow of the cliff looking out seaward, and in the adjacent forest, passing the persons he met with a grave, silent bow. Tall, dark and refined in appearance, he was an object of interest to all; and, though he never mingled in our village society, his grave, handsome face and courtly manners enlisted everyone in his favor, and many and loud were the praises lavished on the tenant of "the house on the hill."

As we drew near our destination, our pace slackened. A fear of I knew not what stole over me. When we entered the quaint old garden, the perfume of the beautiful Summer-flowers, making the air heavy with fragrance, jarred painfully on me. The scarlet cypress and purple passion-flower trailed across our path, and seemed with clinging tendrils to hold us back. Crossing the broad hall, we opened the door of the room on our right, and paused, spellbound, on the threshold. A carpet of a kind unknown in our village covered the floor, long wreaths of flowers seemed to start from the rich, crimson ground, and its thickness muffled the heaviest footstep. Curtains of crimson drapery swept to the floor, mellowing the cheery sunlight that poured in at the broad, high windows. Beautiful paintings hung on the walls, and lovely marble figur, as if ghosts from the shadowy corners of the room. A profusion of flowers stood by the windows, and large, dusty volumes lay scattered in unheeded confusion.

My eye passed hastily over these details, and rested horror-struck upon the central object—the tenant Mark Lyndon and an easel holding a finished picture. Prone on the floor he lay, cold and dead. A beam of sunshine falling through the curtains rested athwart his stern, dark face, distorted with the death agony, and glanced brightly on a jeweled miniature, clasped tightly in his hands.

Strange but kind hands reverently lifted the dead from the floor, and gently robed him for the grave; and when all was quiet again I turned to the picture, an oil-painting, that fairly took away my breath with its wild beauty. A rocky cliff lashed by the storm-tossed ocean. Sternly it stood in its gloomy grandeur, and I could almost hear the waves rolling in at the base, and dashing their crests on the frowning front. Sea-gulls wheeled high above the tumult, a wrack of clouds streamed across the sky, and along the horizon a belt of lurid light, the principal object was a woman standing poised on the dizzy verge of the cliff. With crossed arms, in a proudly defiant attitude, she stood, her long black hair and scarlet robe streaming in the wind and her black eyes blazing with a fierce, wild light. Evidently the storm, the terrible, sweeping tempest, she looked the spirit of the storm in her dark, imperious beauty. I raised the miniature to the light, and I saw the face was that of the woman on the cliff, and I knew a heart-history lay in that painted scene.

On the table were writing-materials and a vellum-bound book, open, and closely written in a peculiar, though beautiful hand, but all in red ink, and it looked like blood in that chamber of death. The clasp was a broken ruby-heart, and on the back I read: "To Lady Margaret of Castle Clare."

Leaving me to keep watch, the party left the house to prepare his last resting-place, and in the calm, blue silence of that Summer-day I read that journal, and this is what I read:

"O Margaret, Margaret! for the ruin you have caused—a broken faith and desolate heart—may God forgive you, as I have done. Long years ago we wandered on the cliffs, children in heart and years, and we talked hopefully of the beautiful future, and the happiness the coming years would yield, and recked not of the misery that was to desolate our hearts and lives. One sweet evening on the sands you had promised me the boon I craved, and I held you in my arms, caring for nothing, knowing nothing, but that you were mine. You promised to wait while I went abroad and toiled for fame—for your dear sake, not mine own. The crescent moon rode high in the violet arch while we lingered by the sea, and the waves rolled softly in on the shining sands. Do you remember, Margaret, those long, happy hours of the twilight, as we wandered in the forest—when the noonday sun fell dreamily through the droway leaves—when the song of the birds was hushed, and even the flowers slumbered, overpowered by their own fragrance, and the cry of the cicada rose and fell in long cadences through the quivering air? Then we sat together in the cool, green depths, and the sunlight fell softly through the boughs and lingered lovingly on your hair, casting a gleam of gold above its curling jet. Then the violets at your feet seemed to be sueing to be laid on your bosom; and, as your languid fingers idly wove them into purple knots of fragrance, I charmed you with beautiful tales of the dreamland of the painter and the poet, and your eyes would brighten and your cheeks flush at the visions of beauty presented to your inner view.

"Oh! those happy, happy hours, fleeting and unsubstantial as the Summer-flowers."

"But with the Autumn came Lord Guy of Castle Clare, with his courtly manners, his fair face and his glittering jewels, to lure from me the only woman I ever loved—to snare into his possession a heart for which I would have given my life. O Margaret! cursed—forever is the hour that he crossed your path—cursed the gold and jewels that dazzled your eyes and lured your heart away from me! One evening, when the storm swept over land and sea, I sought you in the forest where the mighty trees bent before the wind; for I knew your spirit loved the strife. I called you loudly, and you answered from the cliff, and there I found you, standing on the dizzy verge, with folded arms and compressed lips. Erect and silent, amid the sweeping storm, you stood, and a light in your eyes told me your heart was like the ocean, storm-tossed and torn with conflicting emotions—no rest, no peace, anywhere. Oh, how I loved and pitied you; and there, on the cliff, in the fierce wind and driving rain, kneeling before you, I poured out all my love and devotion at your feet, entreating you not to leave me—not to desolate my life—reminding you of the promise given long ago that sweet night upon the beach. You listened till silent, I waited my doom; and what did you say? The words live in my brain, an eternal torture. 'It is useless, Mark—I will not listen to your love.' Then, with a passionate tone and a swift upraising of white, clenched hands: 'Pity me, pity me, Mark, for I love you; but the gold, the yellow, glittering gold, has entranced me to my eternal ruin! Go, go; a great gulf lies between us now, and I am not worthy of you.' A light touch of your hand, and you were gone. Maddened at my loss, I sprang to my feet, and in the agony of that hour I cursed you—you, who had been the light of my life—loaded you with bitter reproaches, and taunted you with being heartless. But the wild night only heard, and the seagull's scream far above me was my only reply.

"A long, dreary blank, and you were married. I went one morning to the little church, and I heard you promise to 'love, honor and obey' one whom in the flush and beauty of his early manhood I would gladly have crushed beneath my feet. What a mockery it was of the solemn service that binds two loving hearts together 'till death do us part.' I saw the jewels upon your neck and brow, and the sweeping drapery of your marriage-robes. When you passed me coming out, the wife of another, the old, defiant look flashed into your eyes, but was quickly quenched by the fountain of tears within, and I longed, oh! how vainly, to pillow your dear head upon my breast, to soothe you to repose like a wearied child. Although I never saw you after, I knew of your fame. I read the burning thoughts poured from your aching, passionate heart. I knew you were courted, admired and flattered—but oh, Lady Margaret, when you moved with stately grace through your crowded halls, did never a thought of the simple, happy home, the true heart you left, cast a shadow over your state? When the light of the solemn stars fell through the lofty casements, was your pale face never pressed against the glass, and the lids shut down over the tears that would come when the thought of what might have been arose unbidden through the night? God pity you, Lady Margaret, and comfort you.

"I am weary of my laurels, though my pictures are eagerly sought for and highly prized, and wealth has flowed into my coffers in a ceaseless stream. But I scorned the gold, for it lost me you, and, wearied of life and fame, I returned to the cottage by the sea—the old, dear place, Margaret, where we dwelt in the charmed long-ago, before the shadows came.

"I thought to find peace and quite there, and I believed that my love was waning, and that a deep, bitter hate was filling its place—hate for the woman who murdered my heart. But one night came a jeweled miniature from you, and, as I gazed upon the darkly beautiful face, I felt the old love spring up anew, and it almost drove me *mad*—oh, it did; for the poison was speedy, and death was rest—and God forgive me, Margaret darling—I took——"

The writing wavered off into a long, unintelligible line and a great blot, and I closed the book, musing sadly:

"Nothing new; for gold outweighs an honest heart and sterling worth."

Twelve months later, one chill Autumn evening, a close traveling carriage drove into the village, a woman robed in sable descended from it, and, going up to the lonely grave on the brow of the cliff, knelt beside it while the red leaves drifted down from the forest, and the long grass rustled in the chill evening wind, and her face, wearied and worn, though still beautiful, was the face of the woman in the picture.

Ah, me! Two hearts broken, two lives wasted, two homes desolated, by the demon power of yellow gold; and I know that underneath her stateliness, hidden by the serene beauty of her face, Lady Margaret's heart makes moan:

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

WESTERN SLANG.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIE GILL.

For a wonderful, incomprehensible, voluble and homogeneous slang commend me to the Far West. In other countries it may flourish, bloom and delight the senses with its rich and pungent odor; but in the West it luxuriates, it twines around a forest of grammatical trees, like the creeper around a live-oak. Many a genuine Western man's talk is as incomprehensible to a stranger unused to that style of conversation as Sanscrit would be to a Digger Indian; yet there is something so fascinating in its use that very few are proof against speedily acquiring it. It expresses so much in so little that one flies to it as a relief from the prolixity of the grammatical sentences in common use. In this fast age mankind has not time to adopt the stately, sententious style of a Johnson, an Addison or a Steele; we want one that will express our thoughts with lightning rapidity. The comparatively lately coined words "donate," "donation," "telegram," etc., prove this fact. So the shorter the sentence-road, the quicker we take to it.

It is this that makes Western slang so eagerly sought after. And no wonder that the old and young, rich and poor, male and female, sling its sentences around with unflagging prodigality. Poor Smith dies. Does his friend, in informing another of the fact, say: "Poor Smith departed this life at half-past seven this morning, and he will be buried at four this afternoon?" No; his words are: "Smith's passed in his checks at half-past seven, and the boys are going to 'plant him' at four." Should A wish to inform B that C is in monetary distress, he don't say "C is in a most distressing state of impecuniosity," but "C's dead broke," or "Aint got a splitter." B understands, and in all justice to C, he not only "loans him the pressing wants," but "stakes" him to the extent of his means. If one wishes to express to the highest his appreciation of a person's moral qualities, he uses but one word to do so. "So and so is 'white.'" Every eulogistic epithet in the English language strung together, and long enough to reach from here to Halifax, would not express more. One would inquire of another's means of support, he asks not: "What pecuniary means are at his disposal?" but "How's he fixed?" Editorious does not write for the press—he "slings ink for the papers." A clergyman is not the pastor of a flock, as he used to be—he is a "Gospel-pitcher," or a "Gospel-slinger." A "beer-jerker" is a young lady who dispenses the juice of the grape to the barroom crowds, who delight to look upon the wine when it is red. We have no waiters now—they are "hash-slingers." A gentleman who eats more than nature requires, any necessity for it, is a "lunch-fiend," and the owner of any establishment is no longer proprietor, but the "Boss John." To be asked to "stick your stomach agin the bar" is a polite invitation to take a drink.

I heard a naughty gambler once make use of a very peculiar expression, yet meaning a great deal. Speaking of a fellow-gambler, he said: "Poor —— will go up a 'splitter' to heaven, and ask to be redeemed," meaning thereby that P.'s chances of redemption were exceedingly small, as a "splitter" in faro phraseology is the half of a "chip," the latter being a round disk of ivory valued according to the amount it represents. "Chip" is the place of the verb to drink is, mayhap, as much an Eastern as a Western fragment of slang; but to give a man a "good send-off" is thoroughly Western, and means to help a man along in whatever business he may be starting in. If one does not thoroughly understand the meaning of what another utters, he doesn't say: "I fail to comprehend your meaning." He simply says: "I pass." An intimate acquaintance is not a friend—he is a "pard." A man don't carry a pistol—it is a "cannon," or a "gun," or a "pop;" and, if he possesses one of those useful adjuncts to Western life, he is "heeled," or, as educated savages would say, armed. A man who overcomes obstacles is not described as indomitable—it is said of him he has "grit," or "sand." Should it be necessary to advise a man to summon up courage sufficient to resist temptation with, or throw off the debasing influences of drink, he is tersely told to "brace up!" A jail is a "cooler," a policeman "a cop," and all with whom a man has difficulties are "sons"—of the opposite sex to the male "yaller dawg." If you desire to be revenged on anyone for some real or supposed insult, you declare you'll "fix" him. And if a friend ventures to doubt your assertion, you inform him, if he don't think you will, he's "off wrong." If one gambles and loses money, no higher praise can be bestowed upon him than to say "He don't squeal." If a man "squeals," it's a plain proof that gambling is not his vocation, and that the sooner he "holds up" some unfortunate drinkist, and "goes through him" and "jumps" the "ranch," the better for him. The foregoing sentence done into plain English means that he had better knock down some inebriate with money, and rob him of his wealth, and depart expeditiously from the town. When a man has exhausted all his means of support he is on the "rock." And should someone occupy apartments or a position which is yours by right, you "yank" him out. When it becomes necessary to pay a visit to the obliging gent who lends money on articles, you don't say "I took them to the pawnbroker's." You merely pleasantly remark: "I soaked them."

There are hundreds of other equally peculiar yet expressive slang phrases which are calculated to startle an unsophisticated stranger. I merely give the foregoing to show of what strange materials the ordinary conversation of border-life is made up. And now I'll "vamose the ranch" and give place to some other "ink-slinger;" and "you're a liar, pard, if you don't *think* I will!"

A LITERARY ENCYCLOPÆDIA.—*The London Athenæum* says: "The trustees of the British Museum are in treaty for purchasing a copy of the largest book in the world. Towards the close of the seventeenth century the reigning Emperor of China appointed an Imperial Commission to reprint in one vast collection all native works of interest and importance in every branch of literature. In the beginning of the following century the Commissioners completed their labors, and were able to lay before the Emperor a very palpable proof of their diligence in the shape of a compilation consisting of 5,020 volumes, entitled 'Tin ling ko kin too shoo tseih ching,' or "An Illustrated Imperial Collection of Ancient and Modern Literature." Only a small edition was printed off in the first instance, and before long the greater part of the copper types which had been cast for the undertaking were purloined by untrustworthy officials, and the remainder were melted down and coined into cash. Accidents by fire and by violence have considerably reduced the number of copies of the imperial edition originally printed, and it is believed that only a comparatively few now remain extant. The trustees of the British Museum, having become aware that one such copy has been lately offered for sale at Pekin, have entered into negotiations for its purchase, and it is much to be hoped that they may succeed in adding this rare and interesting collection to the national library."

AMONG THE INTERESTING RELICS in Paris are the celebrated lilacs in the gardens of the Luxembourg, which at last accounts were in full flower, at the age of 260 years. They were planted by Marie de Medicis. Cardinal Richelieu was a passionate lover of flowers, and among these lilacs he frequently walked, plucking the branches, with which to decorate his reception-room. There are eighty trees in all, and frequenters of the garden have never before found them in such exuberant bloom as in the present year.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND seal fishery for the season has resulted in a catch of 412,000 seals.

"LILY MELVILLE."—Clarence sprang forward, caught the blushing, beautiful girl to his heart, and, speechless for a moment, poured a hot storm of kisses on her lips.

LILY MELVILLE,
OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER LVI.

For a season all things are clouded and unreal.
Fate turns the wheel of life with changeful hands.

To return to the hall. With the men-servants rushing about in every direction, the women weeping and wailing over the body of Lady Melville, and Clarence in a dull stupor of grief by her side, Claude Ainsley had need of all his presence of mind. As for Sir Ralph, he could do nothing more than endeavor to comfort his wife, who stood gazing first at Clarence, and then at the motionless form, which the servants were raising in their arms, to be carried upstairs. To the young girl this fresh trouble seemed more bitter than the first. For was not the man she loved in sorrow and absolute peril?

"O papa! let me carry!" she said in answer to his entreaties that she would cease weeping and come with him. "Don't you see that my heart would break for him if it was not for these tears? Leave him? No! He did not leave us in our trouble, and I will not leave him. You do not want me to go, do you, Clarence?" she added.

"Yes, go," he said, starting and turning his face away from her pleading eyes. "Take her, sir. I am not fit to be near her. Do you forget what I am?"

Sir Ralph shook his head gravely, and colored.

"Heaven help us all!" he said. "I have just heard you are my wife's nephew, and owner of the title and estates I hold."

"A thief's accomplice, a forger, and soon—a felon. Take her away, sir; I love her too much to taint her with a prisoner's dock!"

At these bitter words of self-condemnation Lilian was like to faint; but she would not leave his side, and she followed him to the door of the room where Lady Melville was laid. There she left him, seating herself outside, and with gentle determination expressing her intention of following him, if need be, to the grave. Then came fresh confusion. Mr. Claude Ainsley had no sooner superintended Lady Melville's removal, and ordered the blinds of the house to be drawn down, than a brace of servants burst into the hall, with the detective at their head.

"Mr. Ainsley, I believe," said the detective, touching his forehead and speaking with a vain attempt at business-like composure.

"I am Mr. Ainsley," said Claude.

"I want Sir Ralph's permission to use the stables," said the officer. "Our man's got away, sir, and I see it's a warm chase, will give us the pip altogether."

"Escaped!" said Sir Ralph, coming into the hall. "Impossible!"

"Nothing impossible to such eels as that fellow!" said the detective. "He gave me the slip with the bank-forgeries, he's dodged 'em over in Paris half a dozen times, and unless I run him down now we shall lose him forever."

"Anything, everything, is at your disposal," said Sir Ralph passionately, "and I will give a thousand pounds to the man who secures him."

The detective's eyes brightened, and while one of the grooms was saddling a horse for him, he sank into a chair and drank a huge jugful of ale.

"I've heard all about things up here!" he said, addressing Claude Ainsley. "It's a shocking turn-out, but I knew there'd be fearful mischief if that fellow was at it! Oh, he's a rare 'un, I can tell you. There has n't been another for pluck and daring and cuteness in all England. But your friend, Mr. Clifford, sir; I know something about him too. What I'd recommend him to do is to go straight to Scotland Yard and clear himself. A nod's as good as a wink to a blind hoss—you understand me, sir. There's nothing against the lad Cli, because it was generally understood that he was this man's victim; but still better go and make it straight. Tell him to take post to-night and tell everything."

Claude Ainsley nodded.

"I see," he said. "Poor fellow! Do you know who really killed Lady Melville, my good man?"

"Yes," said the man with a quiet smile. "Knew it weeks ago. Bless you, we've got the whole case clear from a pal of this man, this Melchior."

"What?" said Sir Ralph, who did not understand the slang word.

"A woman, Sir Ralph," said the detective—"a Kate Lucas, one of the gang. He got her out of the country to work this plant on Lady Melville; for, you see, this Lucas was sweet on him, and he knew she'd cut up rough. But, Heaven bless you, she had her suspicions when she'd got to Paris; and when he did n't come to time with the money, the whole story, names and all. She split on him straight, though, and we've got his lite as if it was written in a book."

Sir Ralph nodded in wonderment.

"And she," he said, "have you got her?"

"No, nor likely too," said the detective, "unless we get from Spain after you sneak, Sir Ralph, these women turn sharp on their pals sometimes, but they always come round after a bit, and go to get their beating for it. She'll find him out, and take what he'll give her mild as milk. P'raps he'll kill her; he aint particular. Ah, and that reminds me, Sir Ralph, about that bank-note. If the gentleman pretty liberally in getting clear. P'raps you know the gentleman. His name is Lord Harcourt."

"His name is Lord Harcourt!" repeated Claude Ainsley. "What? How can that be?"

"A rum story, sir, and it'll come up and headed the fellow, who, of course, whips out his barker and shoots him. Ah, here's my nag. By this time he has got clean away, and I must put the speed on. You'll find the swell at the inn, gentlemen; all the beauty taken off him, and that there poker he 'holds up' soon unfortunate drinkist, and "goes through him" and "jumps" the "ranch," the better for him. The foregoing sentence done into plain English means that he had better knock down some inebriate with money, and rob him of his wealth, and depart expeditiously from the town. When a man has exhausted all his means of support he is on the "rock." And should someone occupy apartments or a position which is yours by right, you "yank" him out. When it becomes necessary to pay a visit to the obliging gent who lends money on articles, you don't say "I took them to the pawnbroker's." You merely pleasantly remark: "I soaked them."

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"I'll go to the inn," he continues, turning to Sir Ralph with something daringly like a wink—"if you'll believe me, you'd think there were five hundred uncles and cousins waiting for him, to see the excitement there is! Heaven bless you, it's as much as I can do to keep 'em off the arch. They all wants to have a finger in it, they say, and young 'uns one-foot-nothing high are dancing round your feet all the while and singing 'Live in our hearts and pay no rent!' That's took 'em, Miss Melville. That sentiment has given 'em particular satisfaction. I'm only sorry it aint original, for I could take to sentimental motto-writing to-morrow, and make a good thing of it on the credit of it. He! he! I've turned my hand to many things, Sir Ralph, during a life of what the poet calls fist-aidues, but I never enjoyed any of 'em so much as I do this."

"I am sure of that, Mr. Walker," answered Sir Ralph, smiling and rubbing his hands; "and there will be no face he will be better pleased to see than yours, his friend in adversity."

"Oh," said Mr. Walker, with a long breath and shaking his head ruefully, "he would a' been an ornament of commerce, Sir Ralph, meaning no offense. It was a sin to take him from it. Jove! he would a-made my fortune and his own in two years, or my name is not Jeremiah Walker!"

Lilian smiled. Praise of any kind bestowed on the man of her heart made her love the giver; and Jeremiah Walker, catching the smile, turned to her with a world of reverential respect and fondness.

"You must have some refreshment, Mr. Walker," she says in her sweet voice. "It's so hot, and you work so hard. Let me ring for some wine."

"No, thank you, Miss Melville," says Mr. Walker, jumping up from the chair as if wound up and ready to go for eight days again. "Mrs. Walker, who ought to be my wife by the name, but unfortunately isn't—for I can't bring her round to negotiations—has got a cup of tea and a few muffins. I never knew a woman cook muffins as she does! and I think I'll take a refresher with them."

And with another bow Mr. Walker bustles out.

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"No, papa," she says, or rather whispers, glancing shyly at his trembling lips.

"No, no, don't, I beg of you! Er—I—dear me, that is the clock? What can have happened?"

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"And here he is again," says the Squire, as Jack Druitt bursts into the room without knocking, and says, in his hard, independent way:

"Squire, they wants some more flowers from the conservatory, and they says as how the red stuff beant enow; and the men says they want some more ale; and Tim, the ostler, says as them grays can't do it for another hour yet."

Sir Ralph wiped his forehead with excitement.

"More flowers," he says eagerly. "Yes, go to Thompson and tell him he's to give them all they want—to strip the conservatory, if need be. More damask? Go to Mrs. Thompson—she has plenty of it. Ale! Bless me, of course I said they were to have as much as they liked—and more after the match. I was generally understood to be, this man's victim; but still better go and make it straight. Tell him to take post to-night and tell everything."

Claude Ainsley nodded.

"I see," he said. "Poor fellow! Do you know who really killed Lady Melville, my good man?"

"Yes," said the man with a quiet smile. "Knew it weeks ago. Bless you, we've got the whole case clear from a pal of this man, this Melchior."

"What?" said Sir Ralph, who did not understand the slang word.

"A woman, Sir Ralph," said the detective—"a Kate Lucas, one of the gang. He got her out of the country to work this plant on Lady Melville; for, you see, this Lucas was sweet on him, and he knew she'd cut up rough. But, Heaven bless you, she had her suspicions when she'd got to Paris; and when he did n't come to time with the money, the whole story, names and all. She split on him straight, though, and we've got his lite as if it was written in a book."

Sir Ralph nodded in wonderment.

"And she," he said, "have you got her?"

"No, nor likely too," said the detective, "unless we get from Spain after you sneak, Sir Ralph, these women turn sharp on their pals sometimes, but they always come round after a bit, and go to get their beating for it. She'll find him out, and take what he'll give her mild as milk. P'raps he'll kill her; he aint particular. Ah, and that reminds me, Sir Ralph, about that bank-note. If the gentleman pretty liberally in getting clear. P'raps you know the gentleman. His name is Lord Harcourt."

"His name is Lord Harcourt!" repeated Claude Ainsley. "What? How can that be?"

"A rum story, sir, and it'll come up and headed the fellow, who, of course, whips out his barker and shoots him. Ah, here's my nag. By this time he has got clean away, and I must put the speed on. You'll find the swell at the inn, gentlemen; all the beauty taken off him, and that there poker he 'holds up' soon unfortunate drinkist, and "goes through him" and "jumps" the "ranch," the better for him. The foregoing sentence done into plain English means that he had better knock down some inebriate with money, and rob him of his wealth, and depart expeditiously from the town. When a man has exhausted all his means of support he is on the "rock." And should someone occupy apartments or a position which is yours by right, you "yank" him out. When it becomes necessary to pay a visit to the obliging gent who lends money on articles, you don't say "I took them to the pawnbroker's." You merely pleasantly remark: "I soaked them."

There are hundreds of other equally peculiar yet expressive slang phrases which are calculated to startle an unsophisticated stranger. I merely give the foregoing to show of what strange materials the ordinary conversation of border-life is made up. And now I'll "vamose the ranch" and give place to some other "ink-slinger;" and "you're a liar, pard, if you don't *think* I will!"

"I'll go to the inn," he continues, turning to Sir Ralph with something daringly like a wink—"if you'll believe me, you'd think there were five hundred uncles and cousins waiting for him, to see the excitement there is! Heaven bless you, it's as much as I can do to keep 'em off the arch. They all wants to have a finger in it, they say, and young 'uns one-foot-nothing high are dancing round your feet all the while and singing 'Live in our hearts and pay no rent!' That's took 'em, Miss Melville. That sentiment has given 'em particular satisfaction. I'm only sorry it aint original, for I could take to sentimental motto-writing to-morrow, and make a good thing of it on the credit of it. He! he! I've turned my hand to many things, Sir Ralph, during a life of what the poet calls fist-aidues, but I never enjoyed any of 'em so much as I do this."

"I am sure of that, Mr. Walker," answered Sir Ralph, smiling and rubbing his hands; "and there will be no face he will be better pleased to see than yours, his friend in adversity."

"Oh," said Mr. Walker, with a long breath and shaking his head ruefully, "he would a' been an ornament of commerce, Sir Ralph, meaning no offense. It was a sin to take him from it. Jove! he would a-made my fortune and his own in two years, or my name is not Jeremiah Walker!"

Lilian smiled. Praise of any kind bestowed on the man of her heart made her love the giver; and Jeremiah Walker, catching the smile, turned to her with a world of reverential respect and fondness.

"You must have some refreshment, Mr. Walker," she says in her sweet voice. "It's so hot, and you work so hard. Let me ring for some wine."

"No, thank you, Miss Melville," says Mr. Walker, jumping up from the chair as if wound up and ready to go for eight days again. "Mrs. Walker, who ought to be my wife by the name, but unfortunately isn't—for I can't bring her round to negotiations—has got a cup of tea and a few muffins. I never knew a woman cook muffins as she does! and I think I'll take a refresher with them."

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CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"BY THE SAD SEA-WAVES."

In honor of our yachting friends, who are now making things lively and exciting, and dotting our rivers and bays with their fleet-going craft, we present our corps de ballet in a nautical dance on the deck of one of our white-winged cruisers. [White-winged refers to the sails, and is a much prettier way of expressing things than the rough and vulgar style of some lubberly writers we could name, an' we list.] *(Ting-a-ling-a-ling.)*

NAUTICAL (BUT NOT NAUGHTY GAL) DANCE!

Don't they look neat and trim, with their jibs close-hauled, waists and stays double-reefed, and every stitch a-drawing like a locomotive? We desire to call your attention to the clean and taut appearance of the sailor-boys—something you don't often see in ordinary ballets. Why, they look just as attractive as the ladies! In reality each is a component part of the tout-ensemble of the latter. Now, we will let you into a secret. You no doubt imagine that the sailor-boys we have shown you are boys! Well, they are not! They are all girls, dressed to *imitate* boys. We get this cheaper than we do men, and for that reason we engage the former, especially as the public will not know the difference. Oh, no; they don't get tired, unless the ghost fails to walk; then they stop, and things look dispirited and gloomy. But our ghost *always* walks! and our dancers never tire. They are now doing the sailor's hornpipe in company drill, and the double-shuffle is engaging their undivided attention at this time. While they are thus enjoying themselves this hot weather, let's go out and get a beer, and listen to the siren voice of one of our latest importations from the Conservatory of Music in Milan:

LITTLE STRANGER.

BY COOCH.

Little stranger, don't be lonely,
Cheer thy aching heart again,
Think of brighter days before thee—
Happy thoughts will banish pain;
Weeping only adds to sorrow,
Renders life unhappy, sad;
Joy is coming with the morrow,
Time will surely make thee glad.

Little stranger, cease thy weeping,
Dry those sad and bitter tears,
Bury all the past in silence,
Think of bright and happier years;
Let thy thoughts be thoughts of gladness,
Free from sorrow, pain or care;
Words unspoken, dreams of sadness,
Link the heart with lone despair.

Little stranger, wait in patience,
Watch and pray the time may come
That will bring to thee a future,
Joy and gladness to thy home.
Then, oh! then, 'mid days of solace,
Will thy soul recall the past,
Whilst thou praiseth Him who brought thee
Comfort to thy heart at last.

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

THE LEARNED PIG.

Many showmen believe that educated pigs had not been exhibited before the public until comparatively modern times. Such, however, is not the case, as in in a copy of *The Commercial Advertiser*, published in this city and dated Oct. 2, 1797, kindly sent us by Houghton the illusionist of Middleboro, Mass., we find this advertisement.

TO BE SEEN EVERY DAY,
from 9 o'clock in the morning till 9 at night, at Mr. Martling's Great Room, No. 97 Near street, directly opposite the Brick Meeting *(sic)*, door around the corner,
THE LEARNED PIG,

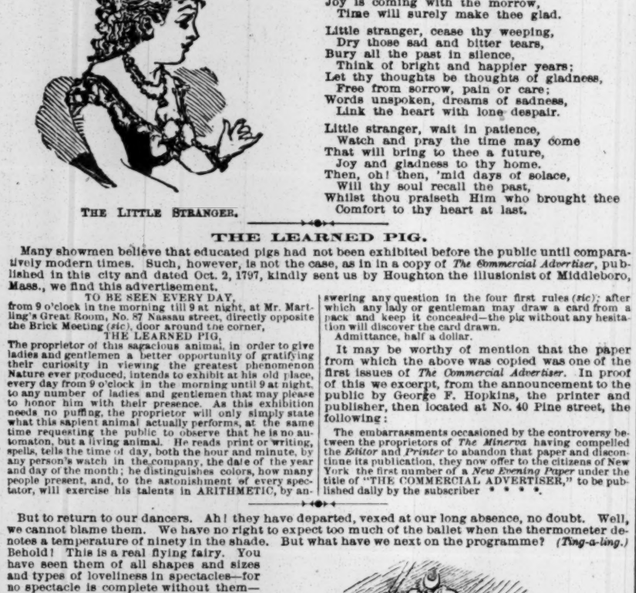
The proprietor of this sagacious animal, in order to give ladies and gentlemen a better opportunity of gratifying their curiosity in viewing the greatest phenomenon Nature ever produced, intends to exhibit at his old place, every day from 9 o'clock in the morning till 9 at night, to any number of ladies and gentlemen that may please to honor him with their presence. As this exhibition needs no puffing, the proprietor will only simply state what this sapient animal actually performs, at the same time requesting the public to observe that he is no automaton, but a living animal. He calls print or writing, spells, tells the time of day, both the hour and minute, by any person's watch in the company, the date of the year and day of the month; he distinguishes the different people present, and, to the astonishment of every spectator, will exercise his talents in ARITHMETIC, by answering any question in the four first rules *(sic)*; after which any lady or gentleman may draw a card from a pack and keep it concealed—the pig without any hesitation will discover the card drawn.

Admittance, half a dollar.

It may be worthy of mention that the paper from which the above was copied was one of the first issued. The *Commercial Advertiser*, a proof of this we excerpt, from the announcement to the public by George F. Hopkins, the printer and publisher, then located at No. 40 Pine street, the following:

The embarrassments occasioned by the controversy between the proprietors of *The Minerva* having rendered the *Editor* and *Printer* to abandon that paper and discontinue its publication, they now offer to the citizens of New York the first number of a *New Evening Paper*, under the title of "THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER," to be published daily by the subscriber * * * *.

But to return to our dancers. Ah! they have departed, vexed at our long absence, no doubt. Well, we cannot blame them. We have no right to expect too much of the ballet when the thermometer denotes a temperature of ninety in the shade. But what have we next on the programme? *(Ting-a-ling.)* Behold! This is a real flying fairy. You have seen them of all shapes and sizes and types of lovelinss in spectacles—for no spectacle is complete without them—but *our* flying fairy takes them *all* down—takes the rag off the bush, in a manner speaking, every time. Now, as you look at her, you really imagine that she is a-flying, don't you? She floats in the ambient air like a sweet spirit, and her every movement is as graceful and beautiful as the poses of a model-artist. Now, if you will look a little more closely, you will perhaps see that her left hand is upraised, as if she were in supplication and prayer; but that's a blind. With that left hand she freezes to a stout cord, which cannot be seen from where you sit without the aid of a powerful telescope! But how is she sustained in "midair?" you would ask. It is well put, because, as we see her, she seems to be floating about without any extraneous assistance. That's another one of our little interferings. That flying fairy up there is just as safe and secure as you are here. How is it done? Well, we'll tell you: a stout iron bar protrudes through the realms of bliss, the bar having a hook at the end, and this hook is connected with a belt around the fairy's waist, and in this way she is upheld. *Strong* enough? Why, that hook would hold an elephant! You can't see it from here because it's so delicately though strongly made, to elude the argus-eyes of the spectators. If the people in front would see that iron bar or rope, the effect of the scene and the realistic character of the fairy would be completely destroyed. See? *Some* people imagine that they see these appliances, but it's all nonsense. They can no more see them than you see them now. Let's go out and get another beer while she is dangling up there, and perhaps we may be in time to hear the greatest comic singer you ever listened to. When we were journeying through the streets of Constantinople, our attention was attracted by one of the grandest outbursts of comic melody we ever heard in all our born days. The sounds came from a cafe near by. We went in, called for some coffee and cakes and oyster-pie, and while thus engaged we became interviewed with this great singer, the result of which was an engagement to come to this country. We give him half the gross receipts of our cafe, and find him in beer, cigars, etc. This is the great comic vocalist of the age, and he will now sing:



A FLYING FAIRY.

THE GILDED AGE.

BY JONQUIL.

We live now in the gilded age
Of this ga-lorious nation,
When money-making is the rage
By fraud and speculation;
To every man who tries my plan
There is a brilliant chance for
Abundance of the hardest pan,
If not a big bonanza.
Chorus.—There's millions in it,
Millions in it,
Don't mind what others say;
There's millions in it;
As sure as you're born,
My plan will quickly pay.

My plan is just to "go it strong,"
And make a golden sweep;
Starting right, you won't go wrong
If you run your coulter deep;
Corner-lots will make your pile,
But the market often clogs—
A surer thing to strike the "ile"
Is a corner—well, in hogs.
Chorus.—There's millions in it, etc.

Buy up hogs—yes, buy pell-mell
Until you have them all;
Then you name your price and sell—
Of course you'll make a haul.
If hogs don't suit, try oats or corn—
It makes no difference which—
Just go it strong, and then ere long
You'll find that you are rich.
Chorus.—There's millions in it, etc.

So, if you are in the notion,
Go seek the golden prize,
Whilst I perfect my lotion
For folks who have sore eyes,
An ingredient yet is lacking—
And till it comes, you see,
I'll need a little backing—
Can you spare an X or Y?
Chorus.—There's millions in it, etc.

JOHAN STRAUSS.

We will now return to the dancers, one of whom we left in the regions of ethereal nothingness, dangling at the end of a cross-bar. See! She has returned to terra-firma, and in her place we have a couple of prime-donne assoluta in one of those fascinating displays of the Terpsichorean art which hold the spectator spellbound with admiration. These young ladies were originally designed for the Academie des Musiques, in Paris; but a wayward caprice turned them from their purpose, and made great dancers of them. Either of them can kick higher than Mlle. Sara, now traveling with the Soldene Troupe; and in face and figure they far surpass that eccentric creature, as you can easily see. This is their first appearance on the American stage, and you can judge by the applause that they are destined to be prime favorites. As they will be some time on, let's have another beer in the cafe, and we shall probably be back in time to enjoy a performance of one of the rare old plays of the times gone by, with a cast of great excellence.

THE DELPHIAN SISTERS.

AN OLD ENGLISH PLAYBILL OF 1758.

The performances referred to took place in a stable, and were given by strolling players, who in those days were by Act of Parliament declared to be vagabonds. It was a custom to send a person with bills like the appended copy to the residences of ladies and gentlemen. Copy of bill contributed by Frank Shaw of Alexandria, Va.

AT THE OLD THEATRE IN EAST GRINSTEAD, SUSSEX, ENG., ON SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1758,
will be represented, by particular desire and for the
BENEFIT OF MRS. P.,
the deep and affecting tragedy of
THEODOSIUS, OR THE FORCE OF LOVE,
with magnificent scenes, dresses, etc.
Varanes ..... by Mr. P.
who will strive, as far as possible, to support the character of this fiery Persian Prince, in which he was so much admired and applauded at Hastings, Arundel, Petworth, Midworth, Lewes, etc.
Theodosius ..... by a Young Gentleman
from the University of Oxford, who never appeared on any stage.
Athenais ..... by Mrs. P.
Though her present condition will not permit her to wait upon ladies and gentlemen out of the town with tickets, she hopes, as on former occasions, for their liberality and support.

Nothing in Italy can excel the altar in the first scene of the play. Nevertheless, should any of the nobility or gentry wish to see it ornamented with flowers, the bearer will bring away as many as they choose to favor him with.

As the coronation of Athenais, to be introduced in the fifth act, contains a number of personages more than sufficient to fill all the dressing-rooms, etc., it is hoped no ladies and gentlemen will be offended at being refused admission behind the scenes.

N. B.—The great yard-dog that made so much noise on Thursday night, during the last act of "King Richard III." will be sent across the way; and on account of the prodigious demand for places, part of the stable will be laid into the boxes on one side, and the granary be open for the same purpose on the other.

VIVAT REX.

BASEBALL.

HARTFORD vs. CHICAGO.

The Chicago nine arrived in New York on June 19, and that afternoon played their third game of the championship series with the Hartfords, on the Union grounds, Brooklyn, and they sustained a disastrous defeat, the score at the close of the ninth inning standing at 13 to 1 in favor of the Brooklyn nine. The question naturally arises in the minds of our baseball readers: Why was this thus. And we shall proceed to explain.

When the Chicago Club won the championship in 1876 they did it with a united, harmonized team, one in which every player was in his home position, and the most important positions were occupied by men made familiar with one another's play by years of practice together under able management. Not content with letting well enough alone, and endeavoring to retain the honors so creditably won by availing themselves of the services of the nine which had won the pennant, they proceeded to organize a new and what they regarded as a stronger team. In doing this they took from their leading rivals their pitcher, erroneously calculating that this was all they wanted to secure certain victory in 1877. Now, it happens that half the strength of a pitcher's play lies in his having not only a catcher fully competent to support him, but especially a catcher who is familiar with the pitcher's peculiar style of delivery. In taking Bradley from the St. Louis Club they only withdrew one half the strength of that club's battery. They should also have engaged Clapp, or should have made sure of being able to supply his place. They did neither, and the result is their present weakness in having no man behind the bat able to give Bradley the same efficient support he had in 1876. Here lies one of the causes of the existing demoralization of the present Chicago nine. Another cause is the result of misfortune rather than faulty management, and that is the loss of Barnes' valuable services to the team. Barnes was the king-pin of the nine, as it were. With him in position, the team felt a confidence they failed to possess without him. To let White leave the quartet which went from the East to the West in 1876 was bad enough; but to lose Barnes, the model second-baseman of the fraternity, was a loss the club could ill afford to sustain at any time, and least of all in 1877. In March we said that the success of the Chicago experiment in engaging Bradley depended upon the ability of Mc'Vey would display in supporting him behind the bat. Now, McVey is simply a change-catcher. Compared with White, Clapp, Snyder, and other leading catchers, he stands fourth or fifth on the list. Certainly he is not capable of filling the position of first-class assistant, as the experience of the past month's play has shown. His hands get puffed up too soon, for one thing. Anson is not even so good as McVey, and no substitute for either has yet been found. With used-up catchers, without Barnes at second, and with the majority of their nine in new positions, the Chicago Club came East in June to sustain the high reputation of the fine team which in 1876 bore down all opposition in the Eastern States, and won for the West the honors of the championship. Is it at all surprising, under such circumstances, that the Chicagos leave the East in June, 1877, a beaten club?

The game of Tuesday last scarcely merits detailed description. We have not seen a Chicago team play a worse game since 1875. But two of this nine played up to the high mark of 1876, and they were Glenn and Peters, the former not making a single error, and the latter but one—an excusable one at that. Spalding was not at home at first base, Hines was all abroad at second, and McVey was almost useless at third, while Anson afforded evidence of his unfitness to support such a pitcher as Bradley. Smith did good service at centre-field, playing without an error; but Quinn joined in on the muffing "biz" of the game, though he partly compensated for it by some good catches. The record of errors was commenced in the very first inning, when McVey failed to catch a low ball, and in the second inning it was continued by Quinn giving a life by a badly-dropped fly-ball. This, and a passed ball and an over-pitch, assisted the Hartfords to two runs on one base-hit. In the third inning Anson missed catching two foul balls, and in the fourth Bradley threw wide to Spalding, who failed to stop the ball, and McVey added a bad muff, three runs in this inning being scored off two base-hits, a run two outs were made. In the fifth inning Peters made his only error—a failure to stop a high bounding ball—but no run was scored from it. It was in the sixth inning, however, that the Chicago nine got completely "rattled." After Cassidy, Larkin and Holdsworth had earned a clean field base-hit, Start had a life given him by a muff by Hines. Then Burdock hit a line ball, which was handsomely caught by Peters, who made a double-play on the catch by running out Holdsworth. This would have ended the inning for the one run scored, but for an erroneous decision of the umpire's in deciding Holdsworth not out After this, bad throws to bases by McVey and Bradley and an error by Spalding let in no fewer than four runs. In the seventh inning base-hits by Cassidy and Larkin, low muffs by Bradley, three bases on his hit—led to an earned run, a bad throw-in by Hines giving a second run. In this inning Cassidy, in returning to first base on a foul ball, walked back, and he was touched by Spalding, who appealed; but Cassidy was not given out, because of Rule VI requires a player to *run* back on a foul ball. In the eighth inning five of the Hartfords were allowed to go to the bat owing to Quinn dropping another fly-ball. In the ninth inning only were there no errors committed. Cassidy opened with a splendid grounder to left field for three bases, and on Harbidge's safe hit to right field the former scored. Anson putting the side out by two pretty catches. But three runs were earned off the pitching, and these by seven base-hits. The other hits were made after chances had been given to field the side out, and the game, by the Chicagos refusing to play rather unpromisingly for a successful issue of the contest, a poor throw by Ferguson and two bad muffs by Joe Start, together with a bad throw by Burdock, allowing the Chicago nine to score a run without making a base-hit, the score at the close of the first inning standing at 1 to 0 in favor of Chicago. Afterwards, however, not an additional run could be scored, though in the fourth inning the Chicagos had their first two strikers on earned bases, and in the seventh had two lives given them by Larkin and Start, being "old leniency" off-day, apparently. Two lives were given the Whites in the eighth inning, Carey dropping a fly-ball and Harbidge a foul-fly, but nothing came of the errors after the first inning. A splendid pick-up by Ferguson in the second inning began the fine fielding, and the third Burdock made a double-play. Fine foul-ball catches were made by Harbidge, Start and Ferguson and Carey's assistance at short was valuable.

HARTFORD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Holdsw'th, c.f.	1	2	2	0	0		Hines, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	3	2
Start, 1st b.	6	1	1	11	0	3	McVey, 3d b.	4	1	1	0	0	3
Burdock, 2b.	6	0	1	4	2	1	Anson, c.	4	0	1	6	2	2
Carey, s.	6	1	1	0	0	7	Peters, s.	4	0	1	1	3	1
Ferguson, 3b	5	1	0	2	2	1	Glenn, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
York, l. f.	5	1	0	1	0	0	Spalding, 1b	4	0	0	9	0	2
Cassidy, r. f.	6	4	1	0	0	0	Smith, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Harbidge, c.	6	1	3	6	0	2	Bradley, p.	3	0	0	0	0	3
Larkin, p.	5	3	3	2	1	1	Quinn, r. f.	3	0	0	1	0	2
Totals	51	13	14	27	12	9	Totals	34	1	4	27	9	15

Hartford	0	2	0	3	0	5	2	0	1	13			
Chicago	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1			

First base by errors—Hartford, 10; Chicago, 6. Runs earned—Hartford, 3; Chicago, 0. Left on earned bases—Holdsworth, 1; Start, 1; Cassidy, 1; Harbidge, 2; McVey, 1; Anson, 1; Peters, 1. Struck out—York, 2; Burdock, 1; Ferguson, 1; Holdsworth, 1; Spalding, 1; Bradley, 1. Double-plays—by Hines and Spalding, and by Burdock and Start. Passed balls—Harbidge, 2; Anson, 3. Umpire, Mr. Ducharme of the Osceola Club. Time, 2h. 10m.

PITCHER'S SCORE.—Balls called—on Bradley, 19; Larkin, 14. Foul-balls struck—from Bradley, 36; Larkin, 31. Balls called—from Bradley, 37; Larkin, 20. Assistance strikes—by Bradley, 5; Larkin, 3. Bases on called balls—by Bradley, 0; Larkin, 0. Wild pitches—by Bradley, 2; Larkin, 0.

LOUISVILLE vs. ROCHESTER.

Decidedly the most exciting and best played game of the season so far on the Union (N. Y.) grounds, was the contest which took place June 18 between the Louisvilles and Rochesters. Twelve innings were played before it was decided who should wear the plume of victory, but fortune seemed to favor the Kentucky men, and they won. The fielding of the Rochesters, with the exception of that of Quinn, was excellent, and, says a correspondent, to him belongs the rather unenviable fame of losing the game for the Rochesters, as, after playing a "butter-finger" game all through, he at last made the fatal error, and let in the only run that was made. Caskins' catching and throwing to bases were simply perfect, and Waite's first-base play was as good as ever seen there. Brady on second played in his old-time style, while Madden, in his new position as pitcher, distinguished himself, as during four innings the Louisvilles, who are acknowledged to be powerful batters, did not succeed in getting a single man to first base, and during the whole twelve innings made but six base-hits. His delivery is a rising curve—in fact a tendency is to bat less in the air. All such bats made during this game were looked after by Tipper, Luff and Shattuck, who outfielded admirably.

ROCHESTER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.	5	1	2	1	3	0	Evans, c. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Caskin, c.	5	0	1	6	2	0	Hague, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Luff, c. f.	5	0	0	5	0	0	Haldem'n, l. f.	5	0	0	1	0	0
Shattuck, r. f.	5	0	1	2	0	0	Devlin, p.	5	0	0	0	3	0
Tipper, l. f.	4	0	1	3	0	0	Shaffer, r. f.	5	0	2	2	0	0
Madden, p.	4	0	0	4	0	2	Gerhardt, 2b	5	0	0	4	4	1
Waite, 1st b.	4	0	0	6	1	0	Craver, s. s.	4	0	0	1	4	0
Quinn, 3d b.	4	0	0	2	0	4	Snyder, c.	4	0	1	8	2	0
Judkins, s. s.	4	0	0	4	2	0	Crowley, c. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Totals	40	0	2	36	9	7	Totals	42	1	6	36	21	2

Rochester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Struck out—Rochester, 7. Balls called—on Madden, 18; Devlin, 19. Balks called—off Madden, 3; Devlin, 3. First base on called balls—Rochester, 1; Louisville, 1. First base on fielding errors—Rochester, 2; Louisville, 4. Left after clean hits—Rochester, 2; Louisville, 4. Two-base hits—Snyder, 1. Umpire, John Shea.

INDIANAPOLIS vs. STAR.

The local team were thoroughly lambasted by the Indianapolis Club, in a game contested at Syracuse, N. Y., on June 18.

INDIANAP.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	STAR.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Quest, 2d b.	4	0	1	7	4	0	Hall, r. f.	4	0	2	2	1	1
Mack, s. s.	5	0	0	0	2	1	Geer, s. s.	4	0	0	2	3	0
Houtz, 1st b.	4	0	1	9	0	0	Higham, c.	4	0	1	5	1	0
Nolan, p.	4	1	1	1	4	0	McKin'n, 1b	3	0	1	10	0	0
Flint, c	4	1	2	7	4	1	Clinton, c. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Warner, 3d b	4	1	1	1	2	0	Mansell, 1f.	3	1	0	0	0	2
Seward, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Farrell, 2d b	3	0	0	2	1	0
McSorley, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0	McCorm'k, p	3	0	1	0	5	1
Rocap, r. f.	3	0	2	1	0	0	Carpenter, 3b	3	0	1	2	1	0
Totals	35	5	7	27	16	2	Totals	30	0	7	27	13	4

Indianapolis	0	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	5—5
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs earned—Indianapolis, 2. Double-plays—Hall and Geer, 1; Mack, Quest and Houtz, 2. Balls called—on McCormick, 17; Nolan, 23. Strikes called—off McCormick, 35; Nolan, 43. First base on errors—Star, 1; Indianapolis, 1. First base on called balls—Indianapolis, 1. Two-base hits—McCormick, 1; Nolan, 1; Warner, 1. Struck out—Star, 4; Indianapolis, 3. Left on bases—Star, 3; Indianapolis, 4. Umpire, Geo. A. Porter. Time, 2h. 10m.

FALL RIVER vs. RHODE ISLAND.

The above clubs met at New Bedford, Mass., June 19, when the Rhodys were forced to knuckle under, being outfielded and beaten by three runs.

FALL RIVER.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	RHODE ISL'D.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Smith, c.	1		0	0	3	0	Evans, c.	0	1	1	0	0	
Wurtz, s. s.	2		0	0	1	3	Searary, 2d b.	1	2	1	7	4	0
Canary, l. f.	2		0	1	0	0	Pierce, s. s.	0	1	1	0	3	1
Mack, r. f.	1		1	2	0	2	Corey, p.	0	0	0	0	2	
Libby, 1st b.	1		1	13	1	1	Selman, 1st b.	0	0	1	9	0	0
Hanlon, 2d b.	0		0	0	1	0	Perrine, c.	0	0	1	7	3	4
Hacket, 3d b.	0		0	1	3	1	Stone, l. f.	0	1	0	0	1	
Rowe, c.	0		1	1	0	0	Dungan, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	0
Johnson, p.	0		1	2	3		Reveille, 3d b.	0	1	1	2	2	
Totals	5		5	27	9	7	Totals	3	6	7	25	16	5

Fall River	2	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	5
Rhode Island	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	3

Two-base hit—Mack. Umpire, J. A. Cross. Time, 1h. 40m.

BUCKEYE vs. LOWELL.

A close game was played by the clubs above named at Lowell, Mass., on Monday, June 18, Foley pitched during the first four innings, and then exchanged places with Knight, off whom but three hits were obtained. Sullivan's play at first and the style in which Burke took a hot ball and fielded it to first were noteworthy features.

BUCKEYE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	LOWELL.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Fleet, 2d b.	0	1	4	1	0	Stoughton, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Burke, s. s.	0	1	0	4	1	F. Whitney, 2 b	2	1	5	6	2
Booth, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Foley, p., 1st b.	0	1	7	1	1
Pabor, l. f.	2	2	0	0	1	Piggott, r. f.	0	0	2	1	0
Callahan, p.	0	1	0	6	2	A. Whitney, 3 b	1	1	1	0	0
Sullivan, 1st b.	2	1	17	0	0	Hawes, l. f.	1	1	2	0	1
Barnie, c.	1	0	4	1	2	Sullivan, c.	0	0	6	1	0
Strief, 3d b.	0	1	1	6	0	Wright, s. s.	0	0	1	3	0
McCormick, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Knight, 1st b., p	0	0	3	2	0
Totals	6	9	27	18	6	Totals	5	5	27	14	4

Buckeye	0	2	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	6—6
Lowell	0	0	2	1	0	0	1	0	1	0—5

Passed ball—Barnie, 1. Strikes called—off Foley, 1; Callahan, 8; Knight, 1. Balls called—on Foley, 8; Sullivan, 2; Knight, 8. Home run—F. Whitney, 1. Three-base hits—Foley, 1; Sullivan, 2. First base on errors—Lowell, 3; Buckeye, 2. Left on bases—Lowell, 2; Buckeye, 4. Earned runs—Lowell, 2; Buckeye, 3. Struck out—Piggott, Stoughton, Strief, Barnie.

Nearly one thousand persons were present on the occasion of the second meeting, June 19, when a game which opened rather poorly, but was afterwards marked by good play, resulted in the home club reversing the verdict of the day previous. Thirteen innings were contested.

LOWELL.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	BUCKEYE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Crane, 2d b.	3	1	2	6	2	Fleet, 2d b.	0	1	1	5	
F. Whitney, l. f.	1	1	3	0	0	Burke, s. s.	0	1	1	3	0
Foley, p.	1	1	1	3	2	Booth, r. f.	0	0	0	0	2
Piggott, r. f.	0	2	0	0	1	Pabor, l. f.	1	0	0	1	2
A. Whitney, 3b	0	1	1	1	0	Callahan, p., c. f.	2	0	1	2	2
Hawes, c. f.	1	2	2	1	2	Sullivan, 1st b.	3	4	19	0	0
Sullivan, c.	1	2	8	0	0	Barnie, c.	1	3	10	4	5
Wright, s. s.	0	0	0	4	1	Strief, 3d b.	0	0	1	4	5
Knight, 1st b., p	3	3	6	8	5	McCorick, c. f., p	0	0	2	11	4
Totals	11	19	30	26	14	Totals	7	12	30	31	23

Lowell	2	2	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—4—11
Buckeye	0	2	0	2	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—7

Passed balls—Sullivan, 3; Barnie, 2. Balls called—on Knight, 17; Foley, 10; Callahan, 9; McCormick, 35. Strikes called—off Knight, 15; Foley, 12; Callahan, 5; McCormick, 33. First base on errors—Lowell, 8; Buckeye, 6. Left on bases—Lowell, 9; Buckeye, 8. Struck out—Crane, 2; F. Whitney, 2; Hawes, Sullivan, Knight, Burke, Booth, 1 each. Home run—Foley. Two-base hits—Crane, 1; Sullivan of Buckeye, 1. Three-base hit—Crane, 1. Time, 3h. 50m.

RED CAPS OF ST. PAUL, MINN.

The St. Paul Red Caps met their last year's rivals, the Clippers of Winona, at St. Paul June 14, 16, and rattled them badly in both games, not a base-hit being scored for the Clippers in the first game. Scores:

RED CAP.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	CLIPPER.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Gault, 2d b.	1	2	0	1	0	Grierson, c. s.	0	0	2	2	1
Mack, s. s.	2	1	0	7	0	Valentine, p.	0	0	1	11	4
Elliot, 3d b.	1	1	0	2	0	Baker, c.	0	0	10	0	5
Miller, 2d b.	1	1	0	3	1	Kolley, 3d b.	0	0	1	0	0
Gross, c.	1	1	9	2	0	Bachelor, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Ely, l. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Cole, 2d b.	0	0	1	7	1
Allison, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Coleman, 1st b.	0	0	11	0	0
Birmingh'm, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Garlock, c. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Salisbury, p.	0	0	0	1	0	Reed, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	9	6	27	21	1	Totals	0	0	27	20	16

Red Cap	2	0	5	0	0	1	1	0	0	0—9
Clipper	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1

First base on errors—Clipper, 1. Passed balls—Baker, 4. Bases on called balls—Clipper, 1; Red Cap, 2. Umpire, Wm. Phillips of Minneapolis Browns. Time, 1h. 45m.

RED CAP.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	CLIPPER.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Gault, p.	1	2	0	10	2	Grierson, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Mack, s. s.	1	2	0	4	0	Valentine, p.	0	0	1	7	3
Elliot, 3d b.	1	2	1	2	1	Baker, c.	0	0	2	3	0
Miller, 2d b.	1	3	0	2	1	Kolley, 3d b.	0	0	1	0	0
Gross, c.	1	1	10	0	1	Bachelor, c. f.	0	0	2	0	1
Ely, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0	Cole, 2d b.	0	0	1	4	0
Allison, 1st b.	2	3	7	0	0	Coleman, 1st b.	0	1	4	0	5
Birmingh'm, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Garlock, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Salisbury, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Julien, s. s.	0	0	1	1	1
Totals	11	15	27	18	6	Totals	0	3	27	9	15

Red Caps	0	0	1	0	3	0	5	0	2	11
Clipper	0	0	0	0	0

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, June 25.

LADIES' LIST.

Arden, Blanche
Arnold, Alice L.
Allyne, Kittie
Burroughs, Anita L.
Bradley, Leanora
Bassett, "Aunt Pollie"
Blande, Edith
Bosbell, Louise
Bowers, Maggie (vocalist)
Burt, Fannie
Bell, Lewis-
Clifton, Viola (vocalist) (2)
Clifford, Emma (song-and-dance)
Corelli, Blanche
Chase, Lo-la
Crabtree, Lotta
Courtright, Mrs. Julia
Coleman, Mrs. D. W.
Canelli, Fannie
Carleton, Gracie
Dickinson, Anna A.
Delmore, Minnie
Demar, Miss M.
Drayton, Allie
Delmay, Lulu
De Mille, Lillie
Ellis, Hattie
Etzeltine Sisters
Eytinge, Rose
Fontainbleau Blanche
Flemming, Nellie
Fox, Annie (vocalist)
Graham, Tillie
Grant, Lottie (vocalist)
Grey, Maggie (vocalist)
Gorman, Mrs. Winifred
Hall, Minnie (male impersonator)
Hyde, Annie
Hastings, Hattie
Hays, Sallie
Shephard, Kittie (vocalist) (2)
Johnston, Louisa
Jutau, Emma (2)
Idc.
Johns, Effie
Kimberley, Bessie
Kellogg, Alice
Knight, Fannie
Kneass, Mrs. Nelson
Laiscelle, Alice
Leach, Gussie
Love, Ella
Lee, Rosa (vocalist)
Lindsey, Jennie
Lackber, Edna
Meyer, Bonnie
Martell, Millie
Morton, Alice (or Soldene's Co.)
Mayo, Ella
Mulvey, Lizzie
Markley, Edna
McAllister, Phosa

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

Andre, E. A.
Allen, W. M. (with Mad. Allen)
Aiken, Albert
Ainsleys, The
Abecco, Raffaelo
Ainsley, "Ned" Battle, F. C.
Bernard, John
Bassett, C. M.
Burk & Mon
Blanchard, Harry
Byron, Fred.
Blitz, Walter A.
Birch, F. T.
Barlow, M. G. (2)
Bliss, Chas.
Berger, F. G.
Barnes, Jno. H. (comedian)
Burgess, "Cool" (2)
Baron, D. (of Athen., Boston)
Bishop, T. Brigham
Booth, Edwin
Bush, T.
Blodgett, Chas.
Booker, "Johnny"
Brett, W. M.
Bouclcault, Dion
Benedict, "Lew"
Byron, O. D
Barrett, Ed. (comed.)
Bailey, G. F.
Batchelor, Wm. (or Sole e Cir.)
Couldock, C. W.
Cooper, Bailey A.
Collins, Harry Linden
Crane, Chuck (3)
Cornell, Frank (circus "biz")
Clopp, M. S. (circus "biz")
Corillo, B. J.
Conway, Neil
Clark, J. W. (banjo-maker)
Costuma, A. D.
Crane, D. Smith
Carhard, J. L.
Compton, Dayton B.
Clayton, "Will" S.
Colvin, E. D.
Cole, W. W. (3)
Collins, Frank
Cohen, George
Carr, 'Dan"
Campbell, Bartley
Campbell, J. C.
Clapham, Harry
Cassidy, G. H.
Charver, J.
Campbell, R. C.
Conly, Geo. A.
Denport, Harry
Duncan, W.
Daily, T. F.
Dupree, C. H. (2)
Davis, C. Hamilton
Denport & Drew
Duncan, W. T.
Dumont, Frank (2)
De Haven, Claude
Duffy, W. (of "Fay" Templeton's Co.)
Darling, W. H.
De Bus, F. A.
Delano, "Jepp" & Fanny "Exhibitor"
Edwards, G. H.
Ellis, Chas. (of "Tony" Pastor Co.)
Emerson, Jas.
Elviro, Sig.
Fritz, Edwin
Forrest, Wm.
Florence, Wm. J.
Fields & Hoey
Fortescue, G. K. (2)
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Fields, F. (of Fields & Morris)
Forepaugh, Mr. (circus prop.)
Fulton, Chas. W.
Foster, Chas. (actor)
"F. F. F."
Fitz, J. C.
Facter, J.
Granger, F. A.
Griffin, Master
Grau, Maurice
Griste, Chas. J.
Gibson, "Alf"
Gardner, W.
Gibbs, Clark & Griffiths, W. A (actor)
Griffin, J. H. (Irish "biz")
Griffin, Thos. F.
Gerson, E.
Girard, "Eddie"
Gilday, Chas.
Germon, E. F.
Gaynor, Jas.
Goulding, John
Gotthold, E. M.
Grady, G. G.
Golden, M. (manager)
Griffin, G. W. H.
Gulick, Jas. T.
Gossley, Prof.
Gibson & Binney
Goss, "Ned"
Grover, J. Holmes
Hough, Chas. (comed.)
Hall, E. M.
Hogan, John (2)
Hastings, "Dick" (comedian)
Holly, J. (of Hombert & Holly)
Herwig, "Gus"
Holbrooke, C. J.
Hennessey, J. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Hughes, Prof. D. B. (2)
Hurley, "Joe"
Harrigan, E. (of Harrigan & Hart)
Hall, T. (of Var. Thea., N Orleans)
Height, "Bob" (2)
Harland, W. E.
Hume, "Dick"
Hennessey Bros.
Howard, C. L.
Howard, Rollin
Hanley, M. W.
Harris, "Willie"
Harris, "Lin" W.
Heath, "Phil"
Haywood, Al.
Jester & Williams
Johnston, Robt. (actor) (2) 3c.
Johnson, Wm.
Kelly & Ryan
Kine Bros.
Kernell, Harry
Kennedy, H. (vendriloquist)
Kelly & Leon
Kuebler, Louis
Kiralfy Bros.
Leavitt, M. B. (5)
Leopold, Geo. (3)
Libby, "Steve"
Lee, Harry
Leslie, Harry (rope walker)
Leslie, Lew
Levino, H. (of Levino Bros.)
Leopold & Gerald
Laulig, F. (late of Soldene's Co.)
Lindon, Harry (2)
Liley, Chas.
Livingston, Wood & Lingard Co., Manager
Laine, J. H. (manager)
Le Grand, —
Leopold, "Eddie" (2)
Lincoln, "Eddie"
Landis Bros.
Little, Chas.
Mack, "Dick"
Misco, T. E.
McDonough, T. B.
McClosky, (dram. author)
McCann, J. Ray
McKay, "Andy"
MacEvoy, Frank
Melville, Chas.
Martin, "Sam"
Markhoff, John
Murray, Ed. J.
McGinn, Dan.
Mansur, L. H.
Maffit, J. J. (2)
Monroe, Geo. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Mortimer, "Gus"
Monk, J. A.
Morris, W. (of Georgia Minst.)
Morse, Harry
Morris, Felix
Mack, J. H.
Marsden, "Fred"
Morgan, "Matt"
Mack, J. (of Worden & Mack) (2)
Mayer, Chas. (or Murray's Cir.)
Nail, John
Newcombe, "Bob Jr." (2)
Newman, Master
Nichols, T. W.
Newhall, F. (plaintiff)
Noyes, A. C.
Nobles, Milton
Orrin Bros.
O'Reardon, M.
O'Brien, Thos. (song and dance)
Ogden, J. E.
Prosho, Th.
Pierce, Edmond
Pembrooke, Carlemonte
Payson, H. (of Payson's Op. Co.)
Pace, John
Pennoyer, A. S.
Paul, W. M.
Porter, "Joe"
Riley, P. H.
Reol, Chas.
Randolph, J. S.
Rosewall, Wm. H.
Ryan, W. H.
Robinson, Harry
Reynolds, Jos. (dram. agent)
Robinson H. (motor Robinson Minst.)
Reynolds & Wallington
Rainold, J. (of U. S. Circus)
Ricardo, Mr. (female impers.)
Rosenthal, Sam
Rogers, C. S.
Rainforth, Harry
Richardson, Chas.
Robinson, H. (of Robinson Minst.)
Roberts, "Nick" (2)
Rice, P. (of Burnum's Cir.)
Stanley, Burton
Sleeper, Col. Alf.
Seymour, O. T. (2)
Sullivan, J. (of K Putnam's Co.)
Scobie, G. F.
Sherman, W. H.
Surridge, J. H.
Salsbury, Alf. Hop (of O'Brien's Cir.)
Seymour, C. (or Comiq. N Haven)
Singleton, C. T. (2)
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.) (2)
Sage, —
Smith, Chas. (of Cole's Cir.)
Sprague, D. J.
Saronoff, Gilbert
Showers, "Andy"
Shorey, Sami.
Somerby, Ed.
Stetson, E. T.
Sylvester, Harry
Sweeney, R. S.
Searl, Prof. F.
Shepard, G. B.
Skiff, "Dove" (of Haverly's Minst.)
Thorndyke, F.
Thatcher & Hume
Turner, Jno. L.
"Texas Jack's" Manager
Turner, —(sketch "biz")
Tyler, G. M.
Thompson, J. ("On Hand")
Thompson, Jas. (of Dallas, Tex.)
Toole, R. M.
Thorpe, Wm. (of Schuylerville, N. Y.) 3c.
Thorne, E. (of McVicker's Thea.)
Vanderbilt, Frank
Van Wormer, G. H.
Welling, W. H.
Wise, Prof. (Eronaut)
Wailing, D. (of Walling & Reynolds)
Ward, D. S.
Willcott, Frank
Wood & West
Wood, E.
Weslyn, Everett A.
Wildman, F. J. (2)
Washburn, E. S.
Welch, Bertie
Way, "Charlie" (of Monroe's Cir.)
Wilkinson, O. (musician)
Wells, Harry
Whiffin, Thos.
Weber, W. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Wood, Geo. H.
Wetsold, Chas.
Wilson, Geo. E.
Wentworth, Walter
Wells, H. C.
Wray, "Billy"
Webb, Albert
Waters, Thos.
Wood, T. F.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post office for Wm. Foote, Jr., Julia Walcot, C. D. Bainbridge, Annie Belden, Edwin Sinara, H. F. Elliott, W. H. Brent, James Howell, and H. Schuman.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, June 25, '77.

All is quiet along the theatrical circuit. Stagnation rules the hour and the day, and as it is in the metropolis so it is in nearly all the large cities and towns of the Union. The season came to a close unusually early, a number of houses which had made arrangements to keep open until after the 4th of July being compelled to shut up several weeks ahead of that time. There is but little doing anywhere, the places remaining open scarcely meeting their expenses. The city has been the objective-point of managers or their representatives from every section of the country, all bent on making contracts and arranging dates and terms for the approaching campaign, which will open during the latter part of August. Some sharp work has been done in the settlement of engagements between managers and stars, and managers and lesser people, caution being the watchword on either side. Notwithstanding the failure of a number of traveling combinations last season, our impression is that there will be no diminution in the number in the season to come. In fact, the competition between peripatetic troupes gives promise of being very lively and exciting, a number of recruits from the English stage adding their personal attractions and abilities to the drawing power of our own performers. As the summer lingers, extensive preparations are being made for the future. It has been suggested that a reduction in the prices of admission to places of amusement be made next season. Should a reduced scale be adopted, which we do not think likely, we cannot believe that managers will make a mistake, which has marked dramatic productions of late years; neither can companies be kept up to their former standard; for with a fall in the terms of admission there would necessarily follow a reduction in the expenses of every department of the theatre. It may be argued that lower prices ruined some years ago, and that managers made money. That is true; but as the people subsequently demanded a higher order of plays, combinations of sterling artists to interpret them, and everything in keeping, managers were obliged to increase their prices of admission. Were managers to go back to ante-war prices and the ante-war manner of presenting their plays, the public would be dissatisfied, and clamor for what they have of late years been accustomed to. So, if the people desire good plays, well presented, they will have to put up with the present rates of admission..... Many of us are already on our way to Europe, and others are preparing to follow. It is the thing to do "England and the Continent" in the Summer-time, and those who cross the raging main are sure to profit in some way by the trip. Some return with a loftier regard for this fair land of freedom and its institutions. Salaries here are in excess of those paid "over there," and the labor is not so laborious in Yankee land as it is in the realms of Queen Victoria. Even though business may not be very encouraging with tenting shows, we do not think it adds to the hilarity of the circus procession when the band strikes up a dead march....."Our Jim" is not so particular in his choice of language as he should be. The other day, while looking over a collection of theatrical portraits, he suddenly exclaimed: "This ere picter of a actress is very like a wishus horse, cos it's *hell in traces!*" The portrait, probably, was Helen Tracy's..... Intelligence has just reached us that a Paris showman, on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, gave her as her marriage portion an elephant that dances a fandango, a camel that goes down on its knees at sunset, a dog that ciphers, and two canary-birds that play cards. Any bride dissatisfied with such a trousseau as that must be very hard to please..... On the occasion of Maurice Grau's benefit, at the Academy of Music, June 18, a ballet divertissement by Aimee and her troupe is said to have been witnessed by a number of our most noted dramatic stars. And they still live..... A young man who had an interview with a manager with a view to an engagement was a good deal nonplussed when, on cross-examination, the manager elicited the important fact that, while the aspirant was a good figure himself, he was naught but a cipher in the commonest rudiments of education; and that settled it, the manager declining to negotiate with a person who traveled on his shape alone, and who, probably, held to the rather questionable doctrine that "ritin' and spellin' is plade out."

"Its education, some assert,
That dulls ambition's spark;
For when a man has *learned to write*,
He'll never *make his mark!*"

.....It is with feelings of sadness we learn that one Hugo Leonhard, "once one of Boston's best pianists," has become hopelessly insane. Nevertheless, the list of piano-players in Boston continues to increase with alarming rapidity..... Among our business-cards last week was one of a clown who has been *Long* before the public as a favorite. Let us hope that he will not be "Long without an engagement."..... George Francis Train, it is said, challenges any American college to produce a man six feet high. They don't send such men to college, but train them up as giants for sideshows, which pays better..... A lad made a balloon ascension from the Centennial Grounds, Philadelphia, on June 19. And here we might remark that it was a Wise child that knew his grandsire's will, and followed his ways. *Postscript.*—A Young Wise descended in a field of wheat in New Jersey, the owner of which made him pay five dollars before he let him off. Jersey is still true to herself..... A correspondent is respectfully informed that, without some other accomplishment, "bending the crab" will not secure him an engagement..... In reading the announcement of the reopening of Niblo's Garden with the spectacle of "Cross and Crescent," Jim's mind was a good deal disturbed when he saw among the dramatis personæ "Sumnite women," etc. He thinks that the engagement of such people must have a demoralizing effect on the drama. Lovers had a right enjoyable time on the opening night, when, through some oversight in the gas department, the audi orium was not lighted up. Gosh!..... "The coolest theatre in the city" has just made its annual appearance in all the large cities. The entertainments therein provided are received with the greatest warmth by the audiences..... It is now thought that Patti will not visit this country until the Russians have crossed the Danube..... We have been requested to give publicity to a lengthy poem, having for its f undation the statuesque performances which now form part of a variety entertainment. The writer is supposed to be a representative of the numerous works of art which help to make up a sculpturesque display; and she is also supposed to be describing the characters assumed. There is a depth of thought about the composition which, while not entitling its author to a niche in the corner with Longfellow, Tennyson, and men of their calibre, nevertheless deserves recognition for its oneness of purpose and the unique peculiarity of its general construction. The Centennial Exhibition in Fairmount Park, last year, made us all better acquainted with our art productions; and now our readers will the better be enabled to grasp the subjects brought to their notice by this word-painting:

STATUARY.

Faith, Hope and Charity I keep in view,
And in justice I try to be true.
With Hercules' strength I try
To catch the beautiful butterfly.
As Venus, I step into the bath,
And I with Constancy walk in the same path.
But the hero of Granite Mill Fire
Did my poor heart with joy inspire;
While, as the dancing Girl of Spain,
I trust no poor heart I've put in pain,
And as Joshua 'resting the sun,
Ellsworth's Avenger's work is done.
As the cricketer with his bat,
I send the ball and wear the hat;
While the painter in his skill
Does his best to paint his last, the broken heart.
As the Veiled Lady I stand,
I my friends have been testing.
While standing resting on the lyre,
I thought how true no rose without a brier.

This is all of this poem that we can find room for just now; but we think we have given enough to convince our readers that art knows no one country, no single people. The world is the home of art, and its followers and admirers are as widespread and many as are the sands of the sea..... And talking of genius, what wonder that the author of "The Raven" was a poet? Every book of verse that he took up he found he could excel..... There are some very ignorant people still living, notwithstanding the blessed privileges of education guaranteed to all in our land. Last week Jas. Melville of circus renown advertised for a couple of first-class tumblers. Next day it seemed as if New York had emptied its dealers in glassware right down at Mr. Melville's door, each endeavoring to dispose of his wares. It was with the greatest difficulty that the circus-man could make them understand that it was not *their* kind of tumblers he wanted..... When stars advertise to "Lay on shares," it has no reference to Pacific Mail or similar "speculation." .....Now is the time to make up your little games for next season. A glance at our advertising columns will show you how to make your connections sure..... Her manager—a Frank one, by the way—is Aiken to present "Sweet Genevieve" Rogers to the public this coming season, and all his arrangements to that end are nearly completed..... And this reference to the charming Genevieve suggests that you generally find F M in 9 F M in 8. [See? A feminine effeminate.—ED.]..... Barnum sailed for Europe last week. Gone to meet Charley Ross..... Whether Cranston or Rignold, or Rignold or Cranston, that is the question to be or not to be decided. To whatever complexion we may come at last anent this drama of rural life in a New York hotel, it is a source of enjoyment to find an actor the possessor of so much wealth as George claims to have been despoiled of. With patience, we calmly await the denouement..... We have heard nothing of the double-headed woman lately. What's become of 'em?..... At the enforced retirement of our favorite Bull, our grief is somewhat assuaged by the assurance that Sitting Bull's son is to be added to Buffalo Bill's Combination next season. To add still greater lustre and strength to the galaxy of talent commanded by William, the Gentleman-who-is-afraid-of-his-horses has likewise been secured. We have also been anxious to see some real Indian braves, and now that our curiosity is to be gratified we are very happy Mr. Reed, a St. Louis dramatist, and Manager De Bar, same city, are mutually mourning the loss of "Kindred." One of them wants to have the play read the jury, so that what will judge and jury say to such a proposition?

CITY SUMMARY.

"THE FORBIDDEN PLEASURES" COMBINATION and Mme. Corelli's Statue Troupe, under the business-management of J. Charles Davis, occupied Tony Pastor's Theatre the past week, attracting fair-sized audiences. In "Forbidden Pleasures" W. N. Griffith and Miss Belle Norton sustained the leading characters. The specialties and their performances have been frequently reviewed by our correspondents in various cities during the expired season. The other characters were effectively acted by Harry Vaughn, E. B. Holmes, Geo. Atkins, John Matthews, Tom Owens, J. L. Mason, and the Misses Ada Richmond and Minnie Gray. During the second act Mme. Corelli's troupe illustrated various groups of statuary in an inoffensive manner. These were so arranged that, while one group was apparently dissolving into air, another group seemed to be gaining substance from the misty background, and as the first vanished from sight the other was brought into full prominence. The females composing the troupe had shapely figures, and their faces were whitened in semblance of marble, as were their drapery and wigs. As they were seen under the glare of calcium-lights while the theatre was darkened, and as they were not moved to the positions in which they were posed, the tableaux were not more suggestive of sensuality, save to prurient minds, than they would have been had statues of real marble occupied their places.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE, which will commence an American tour in Wallack's Theatre Aug. 20, is now organized, and we are authorized to state that it will be as follows: The Misses Lydia Thompson, Alice Burville, Marie Williams, Emily Duncan, Ella Chapman, Alice Bennett, Lina Merville, Marian Nathalie, Alice Atherton, Ida Leon (a sister of Jennie Lee), and eight ladies for chorus, pages, etc., Messrs. Fred. Marshall, Willie Edouin, J. Leigh, Michael Connelly, musical director, and Mrs. Wilson, mistress of the wardrobe. Twenty-four ladies and a few gentlemen will be added for chorus, dancing and ballet, making in all about the entire managment of the company, and will shortly sail for England to accompany the troupe to this country.

GEORGE CLARKE is to return from England about the middle of July, and will star next season. He is to bring with him several new pieces, among them an Irish drama entitled "Terry, King of Tipperary," written expressly for him by Andrew Grey, and which is said to have achieved success in several of the provincial cities of England, where it has been acted.

J. H. ROWE, leading heavy-man, and Miss Georgie Dickson (Mrs. Rowe), soubrette, have been engaged for the forthcoming season at the Lyceum Theatre.

P. T. BARNUM and wife and Miss Adelaide Neilson sailed for Europe in the steamship Russia June 20.

THE LONGEST REACH ON RECORD.—Under the caption of "Applauding an Old Minstrel," *The Sun* of June 23 remarks:

While Adah Richmond was singing in Tony Pastor's Variety Theatre last evening, a window-curtain blown by the wind caught fire at a gas-jet. Miss Richmond continued singing, and Tony tore down the curtain and trampled out the flames. He was loudly applauded.

Tony Pastor was performing with his traveling company in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., June 22, the night referred to.

CHARLES R. GARDNER of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., and Bartley Campbell paid THE CLIPPER office a flying visit June 23, and left for the Quaker City.

BROWN & BARNES, dramatic agents, announce that Miss Lisa Weber will shortly leave for Europe, returning with a burlesque combination, and that dates can be negotiated for through their agency; also that T. H. Plumer desires an engagement, and that they are arranging time for the appearance of Mlle. Marie Zoe in a sensational and emotional drama entitled "Life's Devotion." See card.

MRS. BERTHA TEESE, wife of Charles B. Teese, late of the Arabian Brothers, with Barnum's Circus, died at her residence, 243 East Forty-fifth street, June 25. She left a large circle of friends and relatives to mourn their loss.

E. F. THORNE and Mrs. Frank Murdoch are to join the company at Niblo's Garden July 2, and "The Three Guardsmen" will then be produced.

"THE CRABBED AGE" is to be acted this week in Wallack's Theatre.

A NEW SERIES of dissolving statues is to be given at Tony Pastor's this week. Otherwise, the company remains about the same as last week.

AT THE VOLKS' GARDEN, the fresh arrivals this week are James Maas and Gussie Crayton, Josephine Shanly, Fannie Florence, the Etzeltine Sisters, Fred D. Harris, and Johnny Mackin.

LITTLE MABEL LEONARD and her mother continue to reside out of the State. John Rogers, her stepfather, was arrested for contempt of court during the past week, and Judge Donahue remanded him to jail unless he produced the child or gave bail in the sum of $10,000.

"CROSS AND CRESCENT" will be the attraction at Niblo's Garden this week.

J. H. SAVORI and wife sailed for England June 20 in the steamship City of Richmond.

NIBLO'S GARDEN was opened for a season, under the management of W. J. Fleming, June 18, when a drama entitled "Cross and Crescent" was acted with the following cast:

CHRISTIANS.

Bohemond	Frank Roche
Conrade	H. B. Bradley
Raymond	R. C. White
Ethelwood	Harry Colton
Sauterne	S. Davidson
Martel	J. Stansil

MOHAMMEDANS.

Hassan	Frank Mordaunt
Ismael	E. K. Collier
Malec	J. V. Bailey
Hamet	Jos. Brown

Owing to some oversight on the part of the management, the gas was not turned on from the street main to the pipes that supply the vestibule and auditorium; consequently, on the opening night the front of the theatre was shrouded in gloom. The vestibule was faintly illuminated by a few burners that are connected with the adjoining hotel; but there was no light in the auditorium save that furnished by the chandeliers immediately in front of the proscenium-boxes, which, fortunately, are connected with the main which supplies the stage with gas. The stage-department was fully supplied with gas. Owing to this condition of affairs, a large majority of those who entered the theatre on Monday night, especially ladies and their escorts, at once retired, leaving but a meagre audience to witness the performance, which was given entire. Although this defect was remedied Tuesday night, the attendance was not large, nor did it increase materially during the week, owing in a measure to the dampening effect of the false step at the opening. The drama is very old one. It was originally entitled "The Knights of St. John," and was published when Cumberland's edition of plays was most popular. Quite a number of years ago the late Joseph C. Foster rearranged and adapted it to the more modern stage under the title of "The Old Man of the Mountain," and this version is now being acted. Its theme is the struggle between the Christians and Mohammedans for the possession of Jerusalem. Although its details do not apply to the present conflict in the East, its title has been significantly changed to that recorded above. The drama received an effective mounting, the scenery being handsome and the costumes and appointments correct and picturesque. The scene at the end of the second act, representing the capture of Jerusalem, was one of the most effective we have witnessed in some time. The stage represents a large castle, with, in the foreground, its moat and drawbridge on one side, and a large sallyport, with heavy oaken doors, on the other, while to the rear a series of battlements tower one above another to the borders. A number of Christian soldiers, with a ponderous battering-ram, break down the doors of the sallyport, while others, with a large implement of war, pull down the drawbridge. The soldiers of the Cross gain access to the castle, and almost instantaneously the battlements are filled with Christian and Moslem soldiers engaged in deadly conflict, the tableau, as the falling curtain impedes the view, being thrilling quite regardless of the dual scene, representing apartments in the palace of the King of Jerusalem, wherein the "Old Man of the Mountain" meets his death in single combat at the hands of the King, deserves a word of praise. The drama, as a whole, was excellently well acted. Frank Roche presented a fine, manly appearance as the Prince of Antioch, and the only fault that can be found with his acting is that he was too tame. He was quiet, and exhibited no suppressed force. W. H. Bradley as Conrade did commendably what little was required of him. R. C. White was dignified and easy as Raymond. Harry Colton acted Ethelwood with considerable dash and vim. W. M. Wentworth played the part assigned William, Archbishop of Tyre, with due effect. Frank Mordaunt as Hassan, the Old Man of the Mountain, carried off the honors of the piece, and appeared to greater advantage than in any other character in which we have seen him. His make-up was good, and King Lear, is an exceedingly arduous one to impersonate, as it makes such a heavy demand upon the physical strength of the actor. His presence is required upon the stage during a large portion of the time of the representation, and during nearly all of this time he is occupied in ejaculating fierce invectives against the Christian race, or in the portrayal of deep anger and passion. Mr. Mordaunt nobly withstood the test, his voice at the close of the play being quite distinct, and showing but little of the effects of the strain upon it. His make-up was admirable, and his imitation of senility so like the real thing that his personal identity was lost. While his acting displayed much intensity, the spectator felt a consciousness that there was yet considerable power in reserve. There was also utter freedom from that cracking of the voice too frequently heard in portraying ebullitions of deep rage, and his forcible gestures were free from a semblance of restraint. E. K. Collier distinguished himself as Ismael, his fine elocution and commanding presence being particularly noticeable. E. W. Marston made all that was possible out of the low-comedy part of Saldan, and acted in a very clever style, after a little nervousness, he was recalled before the scene closed—a compliment seldom conferred on an actor. Miss Annie Ward Tiffany presented a charming appearance as Almea, and her acting displayed care and artistic experience. Miss Agnes Proctor as Iscuit had but little to do, but in her quiet, unobtrusive and modesty and grace of manner invested the part with additional attraction. Miss Marian Sackett, who was principally seen in the front, or "carpenter," scene with Mr. Marston, is to be credited with care and an endeavor to please. Mrs. J. H. Brown was satisfactory as Bertha. The minor male characters, entrusted to J. Walsh, S. Davidson, G. Johnson, J. Stansil, J. V. Dailey and J. H. Brown, were well performed. The company is talented, and the management is deserving of a better recognition from the public than has thus far been extended.

"WAVES," which opened the Summer season at Wallack's Theatre June 11, was withdrawn 23, not having met with the success anticipated. There was nothing new in the subject-matter of the drama as presented, and the character of the villain depicted were highly improbable. The dialogue was compressed to a considerable extent after the first few representations, which improved it, yet did not prevent it from meeting with failure. J. B. Atwater was fairly successful in his impersonation of the villain Leslie, and Miss Rose Eytinge and Miss Lettie Allen as Edna Gordon, barring a lack of power in the more melodramatic scenes, acted with pleasing effect. Attendance moderate.

MISS OAKDENE made her metropolitan debut as Lady Macbeth at the Bowery Theatre June 22, on the occasion of the benefit of R. Dorsey Ogden, the star of the week. J. M. Hardie and Mr. Wynter also volunteering their services as Macbeth and Macduff respectively. Miss Oakdene has a good figure, a commanding presence, a clear, well-modulated voice, and her gestures and action were graceful and free from restraint. Her impersonation of Lady Macbeth was intelligent, and, considering her brief professional experience, deserves warm praise, as it evinced that she had by no means mistaken her calling. With study and experience in a good school, we think she will become an excellent actress. The only indication of nervousness which she exhibited was a little too rapid enunciation of the dialogue at intervals.

"SMIKE" was acted at the Grand Opera-house the past week to so good an attendance that it has been decided that it shall hold the boards the present week. It was very well mounted and acted. We append the cast, which was very nearly the same as upon its recent production at another house in this city: Newman Noggs, J. H. Stoddart; Ralph Nickleby, John Parselle; Wackford Squeers Sr., W. J. Lemoyne; John Browdie, George Boniface; Nicholas Nickleby, C. A. Stevenson; Snawley, M. W. Leffingwell; Brooker, J. W. Thorpe; Crummles, Edgar Newbold; Coachman, Lysander Thompson; Coach-guard, Mr. Burke; Mrs. Squeers, Mrs. M. Wilkins; Smike, Miss Bijou Heron; Kate Nickleby, Miss Annie Wakeman; Tilda Price, Miss Roberta Norwood; Fanny Squeers, Miss L. Sylvester; Mrs. Nickleby, Mrs. Tannehill; Servant, Miss Marian Young. Miss Annie Wakeman made quite a hit as Kate Nickleby in "Smike." Her costuming is correct, and her acting deserves commendation.

FRANK MAYO is in town.

"EVANGELINE" was the attraction at the Fifth-avenue Theatre the past week, and the attendance was quite liberal. This opera-bouffe will probably continue the magnet for some weeks to come. Some important changes in the cast will shortly be made, as the same piece is to be produced at the Boston (Mass.) Museum, commencing July 9, for a short time, prior to the production there of "Corsair Jr." by the same authors—Messrs. Rice and Goodwin. This opera-bouffe will Eliza Weathersby had a benefit, no change in the bill being made, and on Saturday night Nat C. Goodwin Jr. received a like compliment, when, in addition to "Evangeline," a sketch entitled "Stage-struck" was performed, with Mr. Goodwin as Tom Tingle and Miss Lizzie Weber as Jennie Ashburton. The beneficiary also introduced imitations of popular actors and variety performers.

CHARLES R. THORNE JR. arrived in this city Saturday night last (23), at six o'clock, in the best of health and spirits. He had the pleasure on Sunday of reading in numerous journals that he was lying seriously ill in Cohasset, Mass., and that his brain was affected. He informs us that, with the exception of severe attacks of billiousness during his recent engagements in Boston and Providence, he has enjoyed the best of health for a month past. He comes to this city to take part in the performances of E. H. Gouge's benefit, on June 27, when he will recite "Sheridan's Ride."

GEORGE HOEY was presented by his wife on June 14 with a boy-baby.

ELIZA WEATHERSBY and Nat C. Goodwin Jr., it is rumored, are either already married or soon to be.

MISS MARIAN MORDAUNT arrived in town June 22.

J. C. MCCOLLOM was in town the past week, and left on Sunday night for Manchester, Mass., where John Ellsbery, Joseph Proctor, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and J. B. Booth and wife are passing the Summer.

MARGARET HERBERT, the wife of William Herbert, comedian, died after a prolonged illness at her late residence, 932 Second avenue, June 23, in the 30th year of her age. With her husband she came to this country with the company that supported J. L. Toole when he made his American debut in Wallack's Theatre, Aug. 17, 1874. She was professionally known as Miss Agnes Michell, and was a very good actress of soubrette and boys' characters. She made her debut here as Edward Albert Wellington, in "Wig and Gown," and subsequently made a tour of the country with Mr. Toole. She had not appeared on the stage since that comedian returned to England in the Summer of 1875.

MUSICAL NOTES.—At the benefit to Maurice Grau, given at the Academy of Music June 18, the bill comprised an act from "La Vie Parisienne," the second act of "La Fille de Mme. Angot," and Mlle. Aimee in songs-and-dances. The feature of the entertainment was the assuming of the female roles by the males, and vice-versa, in the act from "Mme. Angot," M. Duplan appearing as Mlle. Lange, M. Raoult as Clairette, Mlle. Aimee as Ange Pitou, Mlle. Duparc as Pomponnet, Mlle. Vandame as Trenitz, and Mlle. Gueymard as La Vivandiere. .....Theodore Thomas has accepted the position of conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, and will take a portion of his band with him, they becoming members of the society..... Mlle. Aimee called for Europe in the Amerique on June 23, accompanied by Mlle. Duparc. Aimee is to return in August.

JOHN TEMPLETON, Alice Vane and Fay Templeton arrived in this city June 20, after a successful season of ten months, with their dramatic company, through the Southern States. They will rusticate during the Summer at their farm, near Nyack, N. Y.

GILMORE'S CONCERT GARDEN continues to draw a good attendance, the musical and other attractions being sufficient to make the resort popular. The recent improvement in ventilation, which consists of an immense fan and wheel, driven by steam, and forcing cool air from the outside through apertures under the boxes and music-stand, has proven a successful experiment, and places the temperature, to a certain extent, within the control of the manager. The same solo artists reappeared during the past week, with the addition of Mrs. Maude Giles, who vocalized at the Sunday concert of the 24th.

THE BOY NAMED GLOVER, who recently shot Lizzie McCann, a servant-girl, while carelessly handling a revolver, was released from custody June 23 by the Coroner, he having given bail in the sum of $500 for his future appearance. Henry C. Jarrett and J. H. Tooker became his bondsmen. He is one of the Madrigal Boys.

AT THE LONDON, the fresh arrivals this week are to be Charles S. Rogers and Mattie Vickers, Neil Conway and Mr. Hicks, the Miranda Sisters, the Landis Brothers, Ada Boshell, Master Leo, and James Welch and Maude Lemoine.

THE EMPLOYES of Harry Miner's London Theatre will have their first excursion Sunday, July 8, going up the Hudson River to Excelsior Park, by the steamer Long Branch and the barges Caledonia and Anna.

THE NEW BROADWAY THEATRE is to be opened for the regular season, under the proprietorship and management of James C. Duff, Aug. 20. Previous to that date the theatre will undergo extensive alterations and improvements, and it will be run as a star theatre. Mr. Duff is now absent in Europe, securing attractions for the coming season, and until his return James Morrissey, who can be found at the Gilsey House at certain hours specified in his advertisement, will represent him.

JAMES O'NEIL, it is rumored, was recently married in this city to Miss Quinlan of Chicago, Ill. We are told that he denies the marriage, and that possibly the arrival of a lady (who claims to be his wife) and a child from Chicago had something to do with the denial. We give the report, as it is town-gossip, for what it is worth.

DRAMATIC.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a LILAC COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of March 1, 1877, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and, if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office. Applicants for the position of dramatic correspondent of THE CLIPPER are politely requested to consider silence a negative. Applications need NOT be made for the position of TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT, as THE CLIPPER never employs any person in that capacity.

THE "BLACK CROOK" SUIT.—Hiram D. Barras, as administrator of the estate of Charles M. Barras, in January last, in the U. S. Circuit Court, New Orleans, La., recovered a verdict for the sum of $3,219.97, with interest at seven per cent. per annum from Feb. 2, 1876, against David Bidwell, manager of the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La. He found some trouble in collecting the money, the U. S. Marshal having returned a return that he could find no property belonging to Mr. Bidwell. During the early part of the present month legal proceedings were taken in the same court to have Mr. Bidwell examined as to his property. The defendant (Bidwell) was ordered to answer under oath the allegations made by the plaintiff, and the matter was referred to J. Ward Gurley as special examiner. On June 12 Mr. Bidwell appeared as directed, and, in answer to the questions propounded to him, said that he had been a bankrupt since ten years; that about the commencement of the year he sold the Academy of Music and the Phœnix House for $20,000 in notes; that he discounted the notes at a bank in New York, and authorized the bank to sell the same, which they did, and that the notes are now in the hands of third parties; that the only thing he now owns is his watch.

THE 8TH CHARLES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., has been disposed of by Ben De Bar, the present proprietors being represented by Robert Strong as agent. It is to be remodeled, repainted, reseated, and a new vestibule put in. It will then be rented for legitimate theatrical performances.

J. O. STULTZ'S COMBINATION collaps

AT FOSTER'S COLISEUM, Detroit, Mich., on June 18, the new people were Hall and Thompson, good song-and-dance performers; Kitty Shepherd, serio-comic; Lea and John Peasley in their amusing Irish sketches; Wm. Courtright with his "Fiewy-Fiewy;" Little Vic Reynolds, vocalist; Master Eugene in a daring trapeze act; and Lillian Howard in motto-songs. Departing 23 are George and Lizzie Derious, and Hall and Thompson, to Indianapolis; Kitty Shepherd, New York; Eugene, East Saginaw; Wm. Courtright, seaside, to join Kelly & Leon's Minstrels Aug. 20. Arriving 25 are Signor Fabra, Murphy and Mack, Ella Heflin, Tim Morris, Mike Kanane and Signor Enrico. Business good. Mr. Foster met with a sad bereavement in the death of his only child on the 18th. The theatre was closed 18, 19, the company and professionals from the other theatres attending the funeral, all sympathizing with the parents in the loss of their first born.....At the Comique business fell off a little during the week. No departures this week. The new ones 25 are Crimmins Brothers, Mons. Florentine, Lillie Ellis, and Minnie Rainforth. Fred Aims has leased the Comique for a Summer season, commencing July 9.....Orchestrion Hall, since the alterations, resembles a garden, and is a cool place. We noticed on the 18th Welby and Pearl, cloggists; Jennie Leslie, balladist; and the reappearance of Maggie Grey in serio-comic songs. Miss G. had a preliminary examination on the 19th for shooting W. J. Thompson; but, it not being finished, it was continued until 26. Ella Arnold is seriously ill, having been taken quite suddenly 22. Closing 23 are C. L. Howard, Thatcher and Hume, to Cleveland. Opening 25: John McVeigh, Kate Montrose, and Pope Cooke. Advices of June 23.

AT TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., the new faces June 25 are to be the Continental Four, Harry Woodson and the Carle Sisters. Closing 23 were Lizzie Barrett, to Baltimore; Mlle. Carlotta, to New York; Ben Hays, to Philadelphia, An Yale taking his place as stage-manager. Business reported good.

CHICAGO LODGE, No. 4, B. P. O. E., was on June 21 made the recipient of its charter from the Grand Lodge, at the hands of Grand Exalted Ruler Girard, who made his visit to Chicago the opportunity of inspecting the status of the lodge. He expressed himself as well satisfied with the condition of that branch of the Order, and installed the following officers: Joseph Mackin, E. R.; Charles E. Davies, E. L. K.; Nicolo J. Norton, E. L. K.; John R. Allen, G. L. Bro. Girard received valuable assistance in the installation ceremonies from Bros. Gus Williams, Bennett, Pastor and others of Lodge No. 1. Lodge No. 4 desires us to extend its thanks to all who participated in the installation ceremonies, and the officers state that they will be glad to meet fraternally all brethren of sister lodges. The new lodge is entirely free from debt, and organized upon a sound basis. The social sessions will be resumed in September, Sunday night, the 24th inst., being the last of the present season.

A BENEFIT has been tendered Mrs. Mulligan, the widow of the popular Ethiopian comedian John H. Mulligan, to take place in Hooley's Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., June 30, when a large number of prominent professionals, who have kindly volunteered their services, will appear. Mrs. Mulligan, who has been in ill-health for some time past, is an estimable lady, highly respected in private life, and in every way deserving of patronage. We trust that there will be a large attendance.

NEW AND ORIGINAL SKETCHES, farces, etc., suitable for the variety stage, are advertised for sale in our business department by A. D. Fitzgerald.

FIRST-CLASS variety performers, combinations and stars are wanted at Shickling's Academy of Music, Cincinnati, O. See card.

FIRST-CLASS PERFORMERS, ladies, are wanted at Mozart Hall, Detroit, Mich. See Chas. Peltier's card.

THE NEW CENTRAL GARDEN THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., under the management of the Kernan Brothers, opens June 25. It is located in the rear of their theatre, and covers an area of 350 by 80 feet. The auditorium is spacious, fitted up with patent arm-chairs, and is capable of seating comfortably over 1,400 people. It has a roomy stage, with fine scenery, four private boxes, a handsome aquaria with a large fountain in the centre, and a grotto with a running cascade of real water upon either side of the stage-boxes. The entire auditorium is handsomely dressed with evergreens and rare plants. The plateau which connects the garden with the theatre is furnished with tables and chairs, affording seats for over 1,000 more people. The company includes Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Brennan, Geo. Lindley, W. J. Walton, Fernando Fleury, H. W. Egan, Lizzie Aldine, Ida Morris, Hattie Hastings, Maggie Bowers, Frankie Christie, Den Howe, Charles Howard (director of amusements), and Signor Tito Cellini's Ballet Troupe. The officers of the place are Phil H. Irwin, treasurer; Prof. J. B. Holding, leader of orchestra; Mons. Cellini, ballet-master; L. H. Baughman, general advertiser; W. J. Mathews, engineer; Reuben Marshall, costumer; and Jacob Johnson, master of properties. The admission is to be 15, 25 and 50 cents. No charge for ladies accompanied by a gentleman.....At the Odeon last week business was good. Haywood and Woodson, Homer and Holly, Ada Sanborn, Kitty Allyn and Nellie Thorne were the attractions. Manager E. M. Castine was the recipient of a complimentary benefit on the afternoon of 23 at the Maryland Institute. A host of volunteers appeared, including Charles Howard, Little Mac, Rose and Woodie Cook, R. G. Allen, Jimmy Mack, Ed. F. Barnes, Prof. Leon and son, Andrew Gaffney, Tommy Wardfield, Frank Harrington, Pat Rooney, S. Hyde Baughman, Jas. S. and Katie Edwards and Kitty Rowell. Letter of June 23.

THE ALHAMBRA, Central City, Col., is reported as doing a good business with the following company: Chas. Anderson, Ed. Jones, "Musical" Mike, Kitty Loveland, Bertie Reagel, and Emma Clark, who has recovered from her recent illness. Charley Hoj e's services were dispensed with 14.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., closed for the season June 23. The Continental Four, owing to the withdrawal of Parry Ryan, will in the future comprise Messrs. Welch, Harris, Mathews and Morris. Parry Ryan goes to Washington, the Continental Four to Norfolk, Lilly Linden remains in Richmond, and Helen Scanlon goes to Baltimore.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Los Angeles, Cal., the same company continues. Matt Kelly and Clara Bradford closed June 15, for San Francisco. Hughey Robinson, Irish comedian, and Lenno Reiffarth, vocalist, were announced for the 18th.

HOWARD L. MUNROE, William Bennethune, and Prof. H. Bentz of the Theatre Comique, Bethlehem, now closed for the season, will Summer in Reading, Pa.

AT THE BOYLSTON MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., the show the past week—consisting of the performances of the Duvalli Sisters' Combinations; the London Female Serenaders, with Lou Vavasour at their head; a ballet-troupe called Australian, with Mlle. Heloise Duvalli and Mlle. Antoinette Corse and a dozen good dancers; and a pantomime by Charles H. Yale and the company, Viola Clifton, change-artist; and Masters Haney and Dunn, billed as the smallest song-and-dance pair in the world—met with success. Next (this) week the performance will open with a minstrel scene, with Billy Morris on the tambo-end, and in the olio will appear Myer Weil, Lou Vavasour, Allie Drayton, Yale and Decker, Virginia Marshall, Keating and Sands, and Viola Clifton. The performance on Monday night, June 25, is for the benefit of W. H. Whitehead. Harrigan & Hart's Combination are to begin a two weeks' season at the Globe Theatre 25. Letter dated June 23.

THE LYNN SISTERS announce that they have closed their season, and publish their Summer address elsewhere.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS are wanted at Foster's Coliseum, Detroit, Mich. See card.

AT THE BROOKLYN (N. Y.) VOLKS' GARDEN the company this week includes Chas. Young, Roselle, Gussie Viola, Jennie Ward, the Mackleys, Archie Hughes, Dave Oaks, Kennedy and Clark, E. D. Gooding, Otta Vogler, leader of orchestra, and Dick Willis, cornet soloist.

BOB CRAWFORD states that he has withdrawn from the firm of Three Crawfords, and formed a copartnership with John Weaver, and they will hereafter be known as Weaver and Milligan, grotesque song-and-dance and clog artists. See card.

FEMALE TALENT in all branches of the profession is wanted by Harry Hill. See card.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did an increased business during the past week. Fresh arrivals June 18 were Geo. K. Fortesque in the burlesque of "The Grand Duchess," Della Shepard in songs, Harry Blanchard in double-voiced vocalizations, W. H. Huntley in banjo solos and songs, and Lizzie Conway in serio-comic songs. The departures 23 were Rickey and McCarthy, Harry Blanchard and Delia Shepard. The announcements for 25 are Homer and Holly and Ada Sanborn. Advices of June 24.

JENNIE MORGAN, soprano-vocalist, and her sister Annie Morgan, contralto, have retired to their country residence, and announce that they will increase and perfect their repertory of vocal attractions during the Summer. They are prepared to arrange for dates for next season, and can be addressed as per card.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS commence their traveling season Sept. 3. Chas. B. Griste is their agent, and he can be applied to for time as per advertisement.

ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS showed in Plymouth, Mass., June 18, Randolph 19, Milford 20, Woonsocket 21, Putnam 22, Clinton 23.

MINSTREL PERFORMERS in all branches of the business can secure engagements by addressing Harry Robinson, care of this office.

THE ALHAMBRA PALACE, Philadelphia, was reopened June 18 under the management of Hughey Dougherty, and from the large attendance during the opening week we should judge that his enterprise has thus far proved successful. The entertainment, which was well conducted throughout, included many interesting features; commencing with a minstrel first-part, with George Thatcher and Hughey Dougherty on the ends, and Fred Walz, J. G. Russell and C. F. Shattuck as principal soloists. The second-part was opened by Welch and Rice in their neat sketch "The Diego Family," followed by the Tim Sisters in their Alpine songs, and the ballet "Fleurs d'Ete," introducing Mlle. De Rosa, who met with a very enthusiastic reception. In the third part appeared Miss Annie Fox in serio-comic songs, George Harley in ballads, and Hughey Dougherty in a happy burlesque speech, which was loudly applauded. The entertainment concluded with the pantomime of "Mischief." Frank Cushman and the Praegers Brothers make their first appearance here June 25. Hughey Dougherty, with characteristic generosity, will give a benefit June 27 in aid of the sufferers by the late fire at St. John, N. B.

W. H. BROCKWAY, interlocutor and author of several favorite ballads, has recently recovered from a severe attack of brain fever, which confined him for some months to his residence in Philadelphia. He has been tendered a complimentary benefit, which will take place at the Arch-street Opera-house, that city, June 29, when Frank Moran, Lew Simmons, Milt Barlow, E. N. Slocum, George Thatcher, W. Henry Rice, and Martha Wren will be among the volunteers.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS performed in Detroit June 23, and will appear in London, Canada, 25, Hamilton 26, Toronto 27, 28, Belleville 29.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS will appear for one week at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, commencing June 25.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS performed to a good house at St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., June 18, where they were to have disbanded until the next season; but, the weather being fine and business so good, they kept on, appearing in Batavia 19, Canandaigua 20, Lyons 21, Oswego 22, Syracuse 23. They intend extending their trip some two weeks longer.

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS, under the management of Milt G. Barlow, are to start on a tour Aug. 20 with a company of eighteen first-class performers. Charles B. Griste is their agent.

CIRCUSES.

W. H. GARDNER, having disposed of his privilege with Sells Bros.' Circus, advertises that he can be engaged as general, contracting or press agent.

F. S. KOPP'S BAND, lately returned from South America with Howes & Cushing's Circus, joined Van Amburgh's Show June 19 in Athol, Mass. F. S. Kopp is leader of brass band, F. A. Kopp leader of orchestra, and E. H. Kopp solo-cornettist.

A LADY RIDER, a lady trapeze artist and a general performer are wanted by "Manager." Address care of this office.

DR. JAMES L. THAYER has sold his interest in the United States Circus to the Lowande Family, and it will hereafter be known as Lowande's Brazilian Circus.

SELLS BROTHERS' CIRCUS exhibited in Hamburg, Ia., June 20, Sidney 21, Malvern 22, Red Oak 23, and is billed in Villisca 25, Clarinda 26, Bedford 27, Lenox 28, Corning 29, Creston 30, Afton July 2, Hopedale 3, Osceola 4, and then ship into Kentucky, losing two days. The company as now organized includes Richard Rivers, Mme. Rivers, Viola Rivers, M. Austin and Mlle. Zoe, Willie Sells, Harry Codona, the Milton Jaspers (3), Franklin and Kincade, Charles Ewers, Willis Cobb and trained dogs, Joel S. Davidson, Willie Gaylord, Wm. Cochran, John and Elia Davenport, Prof. L. Heck's band, and P. Bauer, calliope-player. Two tents, a band chariot, twenty horses and eight wagons are used. C. W. Pettit leads a band of twelve pieces, L. Nixon has the candy privilege, and Charles Ellis the concert. Performers in the concert are John Manning, Wm. Tracy, Landis and Fields, Charles Conant, and Ted O'Brien. The show travels by rail.

THE GREAT NEW YORK SHOW exhibited in Edenburg, Pa., June 20, Turkey City 21, Clintonville 22, Waterloo 23, and is billed in Cochranton 25, Sheakleyville 26, Geneva 27, Linesville 28, Conneautville 29, Cambridge 30, Edinboro July 2, Girard 3, Conneaut, O., 4, Ashtabula 5.

JOHNNY PATTERSON, Irish clown, who has but recently come to America, is said to be winning golden opinions from the press and people wherever he appears. He is with the Great London Circus and Sanger's British Menagerie, which is now on a tour of the New England States and British Provinces. It is seldom that a good clown comes from Europe unheralded, as did Mr. Patterson, becomes a public favorite in so short a time. Among the many complimentary notices of the press, we make room for the following:

One great feature of the Great London Circus is the Irish clown Johnny Patterson, who has only been in America three weeks. He is originally witty, and a thoroughbred "Paddy."—*Meriden Daily Republican*, May 14, 1877.

There are three or four clowns, but chief among them is Patterson, an Irishman, who makes no effort to conceal his nativity, and his drollery is rich and delicious.—*Boston Daily Advertiser*, June 5.

The several clowns were as good as ever; but Mr. Johnny Patterson seems to have struck a new vein of humor, and his Irish eccentricities proved unusually amusing.—*Boston Daily Evening Traveler*, June 5, 1877.

It is often remarked that circuses are all alike, and that there is nothing which can be put into them that is new. This is not the fact with the London, for they have one original feature at least. That is an Irish clown in the form of John Patterson, who has been but a few weeks in the country. This man is very funny, as might be expected, his Irish dialect being natural and racy, and his jokes and stories told with a freshness somewhat at variance with the old, hackneyed style of years past.—*Boston Herald*, June 5.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Montreal, Canada, has lately undergone an entire renovation throughout, and is advertised as being open for rental after July 1.

THE MONTGOMERY (ALA.) THEATRE can be rented or secured on sharing terms by applying to G. F. McDonald, who advertises.

BANJOS and other musical instruments and instruction books can be had of Geo. C. Dobson, who advertises.

DOBSON'S PATENT BANJOS and a simple method for learning how to play that instrument can be purchased of Henry C. Dobson. See card.

SIGNOR BOSCO, wizard, will show in Cherry Valley, N. Y., June 19, 20, 21, Cooperstown 22, 23, 25, Cobbleskill 26, 27, 28.

M. TAYLOR, agent and playwright, advertises for an engagement as agent, and offers to furnish sensational pieces, sketches, etc.

THE COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE, this city, is to rent. See Jake Berry's card.

JOHN DENIER walked the high-rope in White Plains, N. Y., June 21, 22.

F. WHITNEY, ventriloquist, was in Victoria, B. C., June 5.

PROF. H. J. CAMPBELL, wizard, will shortly make a tour of the country. C. Reeves, late treasurer of the Columbia Opera-house, New York, will be his agent.

E. C. TAYLOR, magician, performed in Walla Walla, B. C., during the week ending June 2.

C. M. GOSSIN can be engaged as business-agent or treasurer. See card.

AN ADVANCE-AGENT, a violinist and a useful man for farces, etc., are advertised for by George W. Coney.

GUS SHAW will exhibit his "Tour of the Black Hills" under canvas at Long Branch during the season, commencing with the races, June 30.

"CATARINA CORNABO," the painting by the Austrian artist Hans Makart, which has been on exhibition recently at the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, was shipped June 23 to Vienna.

MEMORIAL HALL, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, will be open on Sundays hereafter, commencing June 24.

THE "SIEGE OF PARIS" is meeting with more liberal patronage in Philadelphia since the opening of the Permanent Exhibition, in its immediate vicinity.

PROF. S. S. AND CLARA BALDWIN open for one week at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., June 25, in the expose of spiritualism.

MASONIC TEMPLE, Savannah, Ga., can be rented by applying to S. P. Hamilton, as per card, in which the seating capacity, etc., are given; also a notice that a diagram of the house can be seen at H. Carter's address in this city.

COL. J. HOLMES GROVER advertises that he has capital to invest, with or without services, in a theatrical enterprise.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION of the National Billposters' Association is to be held in Pittsburg, Pa., commencing July 11.

J. B. advertises for a tent.

AT CITY HOTEL, this city, accomodations are offered to professional guests. See J. Underhill's card.

THE COMIQUE, Williamsburg, is advertised as being to let.

THE ATHENÆUM, Columbus, O., will be opened as a variety theatre on Sept. 1. Specialty artists and professionals of ability are wanted. The attention of combinations is also directed to the manager's card.

AMATEUR.

THE LEADING AMATEURS of Grand Rapids, Mich., played "Ours" for the benefit of St. Mark's Home June 19, 20, with the following cast: Prince Petrovsky, E. M. Adams; Sir Alex. Templeton, H. C. Levi; Capt. Gangrey, H. Calkins; Hugh Chalcote, A. B. Porter; Sergeant Jones, A. C. Torrey; McAllister, A. C. Levi; Marks, W. Rogers; Lady Shendryn, Mrs. P. R. L. Pierce; Blanche Haye, Ella Matthews; Mary Netley, Mrs. Arthur Levi; Jenny, Miss Lou Church; the regimental by Grand Rapids Guard.

THE ST. GEORGE'S DRAMATIC SOCIETY and the Sedgewick Guard of Bridgeport, Ct., produced June 23 "The Home Guard" and the farce of "Fighting for the Union." The proceeds are to go to the fund now being raised for the benefit of the widows and children of the victims of the late calamity in that city.

"THE DUTCH RECRUIT" was repeated at the Eleventh-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, a few evenings last week; the establishment then being closed, owing to the moderate patronage.

AT A JUVENILE dramatic performance in Philadelphia June 19, a daughter of Mrs. Lizzie Creese, actress, and one of Edward S. Marble, comedian, made their initial appearances, and very creditably sustained prominent parts.

THE WAVERLY (N. Y.) DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION performed "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in Elmira, N. Y., June 20.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING March 31, 1877, fifteen theatres of Paris, France, show a falling-off in the receipts as compared with the previous year. These are the Opera, Opera Comique, Odeon, Lyrique, Gymnase, Palais Royal, Porte St. Martin, Ambigu, Bouffes, Beaumarchais, Chateau d'Eau, Taitbout, Troisieme, Theatre Francais, Folies-Marigny, and the Theatre Parisien. On the other hand, ten theatres show an increase over the receipts of last year; but the entire year shows a falling-off in all the theatres collectively of upwards of $180,000.

AFTER an absence of twelve years in Russia, M. Worms, the celebrated comedian, recently reappeared at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, in "Le Marquis De Villemer," and was enthusiastically welcomed.

A NEW PIECE, "Memoires d'un Medecin," founded on his father's novel of Joseph Balsamo, is nearly completed by Alexandre Dumas. It is intended for the Odeon, and Mlle. Leonide Leblanc will act the part of the heroine.

THE "benefit coupon" system has at last reached Paris. One of the minor theatres, the Bouffes du Nord, has inserted an advertisement in a leading paper announcing that if the advertisement be cut out and presented at the doors only half price will be charged for places.

J. B. BUCKSTONE, who is now 72 years old, is making his announced final provincial tour.

THE PLAY of "The Pink Dominoes" is coming to the States.

MUSICAL.

A CABLE-DISPATCH to *The Herald*, dated June 23, brings the following late intelligence from the British metropolis: "Handel's 'Messiah' will be performed on Monday, with Adelina Patti and Mlle. Albani among the singers.....Henri Vieuxtemps, the celebrated violinist and composer, has had a stroke of paralysis.....'Lohengrin,' with Nilsson in the role of Elsa, is announced.....The friends of Wagner are contemplating the presentation of a testimonial to the father of the music of the future.....Herr Rubinstein has received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from President MacMahon."

MME. PATTI and Signor Nicolini have appeared at Covent-garden, London, in "Aida."

IT IS DOUBTFUL whether Mme. Titiens will reappear before the public this season.

VERDI has presented the original manuscript of his string quartet to the College of San Pietro, at Majella.

THE DEATHS are announced in Paris, France, of M. Hayer, tenor and ballet-dancer, aged 28; of Retry of the Conservatoire, aged 87; at Munich, of Theodore Lachner, head of the Lachner Family, aged 79; and at Graz of Prof. Jacob Forster, the musical theoretician, aged 85.

RUBINSTEIN carried away to Russia £8,000 or £9,000 as the fruit of the London season. His last performance at St. James' Hall produced £625, the largest amount ever received there during a representation by a single artist, Mr. Dickens' entertainments not excepted.

LUIGI LAMBIASE, the celebrated Neapolitan buffo, is dead.

THE TURF.

RACING AT JEROME PARK.

The large concourse of visitors at Jerome Park on the last day of the regular meeting induced the executive of the American Jockey Club to give an extra day's racing on Saturday, June 23. The weather was clear and cool, and the track a safe one for running, although not fast. The attendance was good. The sport commenced with a sweepstakes for three-year-olds that had not won a sweepstakes at Jerome Park during the regular meeting; entrance $50 each, half forfeit, with $500 added by Mr. Pierre Lorillard, $100 to second horse, given by the club; one mile and a half. Three started: Gov. Bowie's c. f. Oriole, 105lb.; A. Belmont's c. c. Caracalla, 105lb; and Geo. L. Lorillard's c. c. Kingsland, 105lb. The betting was even against Oriole, 3 to 2 against Caracalla, and 3 to 1 against Kingsland. The latter was at first almost as good a favorite as Oriole; but, as soon as it became known that he was far from being in condition, he went back in the betting, and was almost friendless at the start. Caracalla, attended by Kingsland, made the running for a mile, the favorite, ridden by Holloway, waiting in the rear. Going round the club-house bluff Kingsland suddenly quit and fell behind, Oriole going up to Caracalla's head, racing with him for about a hundred yards, and then, quitting him halfway up the homestretch, galloping home the easiest of winners by two lengths in 2:44¾. Kingsland a bad third. The second race was one of mile heats, for a purse of $500, given by Mr. George L. Lorillard, a handicap for all ages, entrance money, $25 each, to go with the purse, and the Jockey Club to give $100 to second horse. The runners were Governor Bowie's c. f. Mary, 102lb; A. Belmont's imp. b. f. Dauntless, 98lb; J. G. Lawrence's r. g. Risk, 106lb; and M. Donahue's c. g. Waco, 102lb. Betting was even on Oriole against the field; 5 to 1 against Dauntless, 3 to 1 against Waco, and 5 to 1 against Risk. In the first heat Waco and Dauntless showed the way until rounding the club-house bluff, when Mary, passing them both, assumed a strong lead, and, shaking off Dauntless' challenge on the lower turn, galloped home an easy winner by two lengths in 1:49½; Waco second, as far before Dauntless, whose rider, Tom Sayers, ceased to perservere when he found that he could not overtake Mary. The latter was now the favorite at $100 to $40; but several good judges, observing that she did not sweat out freely, but looked dry in her coat, took these odds freely. Waco made the running for three-quarters of a mile, when Mary, who had laid second, assumed the lead, to be in turn challenged by Dauntless at the head of the homestretch. A punishing struggle ensued, lasting every yard of the way home, and resulting in Dauntless winning the heat by a length in 1:48, which was a second and a half faster than the previous heat. The betting now changed to $100 to $40 on Dauntless, with few takers. The blankets were put on Mary, and she was galloped around the course, by which means they got a good scrape out of her, and when the saddling-bell rang for the third and deciding heat she looked as well as Dauntless, who apparently did not mind the heats she had run. Dauntless made the running two lengths in front for three-quarters of a mile, when Mary closed on her, had her beaten at the lower turning, and, coming home, won the heat and race by a length and a half in 1:49¾. Next came a handicap sweepstakes of $25 each, for all ages, with $600 added; $300 to second horse out of the stakes; one mile and three-quarters. Three started: Carr & Co.'s Viceroy, 108lb; Mr. Lorillard's Ambush, 112lb; and Longstaff's Shylock, 119lb. Even betting on Viceroy, and 2 to 1 against each of the others. Ambush and Shylock ran a neck-and-neck race for a mile and a quarter, when the former fell back beaten, and Viceroy, ridden by Newsom, was not headed, and won easily by two lengths in 3:14. The fourth and last race was a steeplechase over the regular course, for a purse of $600, of which $100 to the second horse. Three started, viz., Brown's b. m. Coronet, 157lb.; Grace's b. g. Jackman, 143lb; and Smythe's Waller, 157lb. The betting was 2 to 1 on Waller, even against Resolute, and 4 to 1 against Coronet. Resolute showed the way nearly the whole distance, with Coronet second and Waller many lengths behind. The latter closed on the two leaders when he entered the regular track, near the three-quarter pole, all three horses taking the last hurdle midway up the homestretch at the same time. All safely landed over it, and, Hyland calling resolutely on Coronet for a final effort, he shot to the front, and, stalling off Resolute's challenge, won cleverly by half a length in 4:21; Waller four lengths behind Resolute.

CLEVELAND, O., JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The inaugural meeting of this club commenced June 20 with fine weather and a large attendance. The opening race was a dash of one mile, for horses of all ages, for a purse of $150, of which $50 went to second horse. It was won by Dr. Smith's br. m. Inspiration, beating Lapland (second), Charles Gorham (third), Lady Mack, Kilburn, Keno, Adventure, and Daisy Miller. Time, 1:44. The second race was mile heats, for all ages, with allowances for maidens, for a purse of $300, to second horse. The race was won by McMahon's b. c. Russ Butler, after four heats, beating Wah-ta-Wah (who won the first heat, and made a dead heat with the winner of the race in the third), Amanda Warren, Paladin, Jack Harkaway, Carrie M., Keno, and Minnie King. Time, 1:44¾, 1:43¾, 1:45, 1:44½. The third race was for the Cleveland Cup, free for all ages, $15 each, play or pay, with $300 added, of which $75 to second horse; two miles. Out of the sixteen entries five came to the post, viz., Forbes' Bill Bruce, Walsh's Verdigris, Smith's Inspiration, Jennings' Patriot, and Hebblewaite's dilly by Hurrah. The Canadian division were again victorious, winning the race with Bill Bruce, Verdigris capturing second money. Time, 3:36½. After one day's postponement, racing was resumed on June 22. The first event was the Ladies' Stakes, for two-year-old fillies; $150 to the winner and $50 to the second; three-quarters of a mile; winner of any race to carry 5lb extra. It was won by Speculation, with Ensign second, Bonnybrigh third, Lucy Carey fourth, and Hawkin unplaced. The second race, the Kennard House Stakes, for three-year-olds, $20 each, play or pay, with $400 added by the Kennard House, mile heats, was won by Jennings' Olly Gammon, beating Edinburgh (who came in first in the first heat, but was disqualified for foul riding), Linck's Dan Kinney (who won the second heat), Minnie Long and General Hayes; the two last-named horses distanced in the first heat. Time, 1:44½, 1:46, 1:51. The third race, a dash of a mile and a quarter, for a purse of $200, for all ages, $50 to second horse, with maiden allowances, was won by Hitchcock's b. g. Glasgow, beating Jack Harkaway, Paladin, Lady Mack, Lapland and Crimson, the latter finishing second. Glasgow was the favorite in the pools before the start.

On June 23, the third and last day of the meeting, the attendance was large and the weather pleasant. The first race was for the Weddell House Stakes, for all ages; $15 each, play or pay, with $300 added by the Weddell House, of which the second horse received $75; mile heats. Four only started, viz., Forbes' Bill Bruce, Grace's Lapland, McMahon's Kilburn, and Welch's Verdigris. Bill Bruce was installed the favorite, and won the first heat easily in 1:45, with Lapland second. The second heat was won by Verdigris in 1:45½, with Bill Bruce second and Verdigris took the third heat and the race in 1:45½, to the disappointment of the plungers on the favorite. The second race was for the Cleveland Cup, for all ages; $20 each, play or pay, with $400 added by the Association; two miles and a half. Of the fourteen entries, the following four came to the post: Smith's Inspiration, Dun's Crimson, McMahon's Russ Butler, and Jennings' Patriot. Inspiration was the favorite, with Russ Butler second choice, and they finished in the order in the race; time, 4:36½. The third race was over hurdles, for a purse of $200, of which $50 went to the second horse. The starters were Port Leonard, Hebblewaite's Hurrah filly, Gilmore and Paladin. Paladin was the favorite, but was obliged to be content with second place, Port Leonard winning in 3:51.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL ROUS.

The English racing turf has sustained a loss by the death of the lawgiver and autocrat, Admiral Henry John Rous, who died at his residence in London on June 19, in the 82d year of his age. He was the second son of the late Earl of Stradbroke, an enthusiastic sportsman in the true sense of the word, and he contracted at home in his boyhood that love of racing and racehorses which distinguished him throughout his long life. He entered the navy when 13 years old, and soon made for himself a brilliant nautical reputation. In 1838 he was first elected a steward of the English Jockey Club, and has ever since occupied that position, rendering valuable services to the turf. As the author of "The Laws and Practices of Horseracing," and as a successful handicapper of horses, he was everywhere in England recognized as the authority on all questions connected with the turf, and even abroad matters of dispute on the turf have been referred to him for decision. Some years ago he had the management of the racing-stable of the late Duke of Bedford. He took a warm interest in Mr. Sanford's enterprise with his American horses in England, and in him the latter gentleman found a warm and appreciative friend.

TROTTING AT LEXINGTON, KY.—The Spring meeting of the Kentucky Horse-breeders' Association commenced on Tuesday June 19, under unfavorable auspices, the weather being wretched and the track deep in mud. The sweepstakes for green three-year-olds of $25 each, play or pay, with $100 added by the Association, mile heats, three in five, in harness, brought out seven contestants: Dr. S. Price's b. c. Brown Sentinel winning the race and first money after trotting five heats, and beating Britton's b. f. Cricket (who won the third heat and second money), Smith's Hemsted (who captured the first heat and third money), Strader's b. f. Starling, Macey Bros.' br. f. Ada, Carlisle's bk. c. Mambrino Diamond, and Brasfield's c. c. Tom Porter, the two last-named horses being distanced in the first heat. Brown Sentinel won the second, fourth and fifth heats and the race. Time, 2:48¾, 3:50½, 3:41, 3:36¼, 3:02¼. The second race was for horses of the 3:30 class, for a purse of $400, divided into $250, $100 and $50, for first, second and third horses. It was won by West's b. m. Orange Girl in four heats, beating Macey Bros' c. m. Lucy Fleming (who won the third heat and second money), Bowman's b. m. Kate White, Strader's r. g. Webster, and Bruce's b. g. Mark; time, 2:47¼, 2:41½, 2:41½, 2:41½, 2:41. The second day's trotting was postponed on account of the bad condition of the track. The attendance on the second day was very large, the track was in good order, and the trotting excellent. The first race was for horses of the three-minute class, for a purse of $300, divided. Seven horses started, and Lucy Fleming won in four heats, beating Orange Girl (who won the first heat and second money), Vellicers, Mark, Alturck, Webster and Paddy. Vellicers and Mark were distanced in the third heat, and Alturck, Webster, and Paddy in the second heat. Time, 2:28¾, 2:29¼, 2:29, 2:35¼. The second race was for a purse of $500, for horses of the 2:19 class, divided into first, second and third moneys. It was won by Lady Lumber in five heats, beating the Jewess (who won the first and third heats, and second money), Sophia Temple (third money), Indianapolis, Tilly Shields, Big Six, and Magenta. Time, 2:26¾, 2:29¾, 2:28¾, 2:30¼, 2:32.

AT ELMIRA, N. Y., the trotters assembled on Tuesday, June 19, and were favored with fine weather and a large attendance. The purse of $400, for horses that never beaten, three in five heats, was won by Dan Mace's b. g. S. S. Sheridan in three straight heats, beating Jack Barry (second money), Black Harry (third money), Lysander Maid, Minnie, George Brookes, Daisy and Indigo, the latter making a distance in the first heat. Time, 2:39¾, 2:37¾, 2:37. The second trot was for a purse of $600, for horses of the 2:34 class, and was won, after a five-heat contest, by Randall's c. g. S. S. Ellsworth, beating Modesty (who won the first and second heats), Versailles Girl, Tommy Malloy, Maggie Myers and Maggie Martin. Time, 2:31, 2:31, 2:36, 2:35. On the second day there was a large attendance of visitors present, the weather being pleasant. The purse of $500, divided, for 2:40 horses, was won in three straight heats by Cole's b. g. Joseph A., beating Tom Malloy (second money), Black Harry (third money), Ida Lee, Shaw and Harry B.; time, 2:35¼, 2:36¾, 2:37¼. The $600 purse, divided, for 2:30 horses, was won after trotting four heats by Randall's s. g. S. S. Ellsworth, beating Damon (who won the second heat and second money), Lysander Boy (third money) and Tommy Dean; time, 2:31¾, 2:31¾, 2:31¼, 2:34½. On the third and last day, the $400 purse, divided, for horses of the 2:50 class, was won by C. Bonnett's b. g. Sheridan in three straight heats, beating Jack Barry (second money), Black Harry (third money), and Minnie; time, 2:36, 2:37½, 2:35½. The purse of $1,000, divided, for horses of the 2:22 class, was won in three straight heats by Lady Star, beating Frank (second money), and Lew Jones (third money); time, 2:29, 2:30, 2:30.

A TREMENDOUS JUMP.—At the recent meeting of the Warrentown, Va., Riding Club, Mr. Ludlam's chestnut gelding Murad, six years old, by Jonesboro out of Shrew by Red Eye, ridden by H. Bartels, and carrying 156lb, in clearing one of the hurdles made the extraordinary jump of thirty-six feet, measuring from where his hind feet left ground to the point where they again reached ground. The leap was made after the horse had gone two miles, at the last jump in the race, which was a very wide sod-wall, four feet high, with a ditch six feet wide in front of it. Just before coming to the jump the horse showed an inclination to bolt, and became very hard to control. He rushed at the wall at near top speed, took off over twenty feet this side, and, by throwing his forequarters high in the air, cleared the obstacle. The distance cleared from the point he left the ground to where the front feet touched ground was 42 feet. These facts are attested by gentlemen of character, who witnessed the leap, and immediately measured it by a standard rule. This feat is only excelled by the performance of Chandler, who, ridden by Capt. Broadley, at Warwick, England, in 1847, cleared 37 feet over water. For many years the distance of this leap has been recorded as 39 feet, but recently this has been corrected by Captain Broadley himself. Murad's performance is confessedly the best in the United States.

THE SYRACUSE, N. Y., Spring trotting meeting commenced on June 18, and continued three days. On the first day, the purse of $500, for horses of the 2:40 class, was won by Cole's b. g. Joseph A. after trotting five heats, beating Sheridan (who won the second heat), Lysander Boy, Harry B. (who took the second heat and third money), Tom Malloy, Billy Burr and Sunset; time, 2:35, 2:35, 2:34, 2:37, 2:40. The $600 purse, for horses of the 2:30 class, was won in four heats by Holdridge's br. g. Damon, beating Frank Mason (who made a dead heat with the winner of the second heat), Ellsworth, Lysander Boy and Bessie Turner; time, 2:36, 2:30, 2:32, 2:33½. On the second day, Barnes' bk. g. Frank won the $1,000 purse, for horses of the 2:22 class, in five heats, beating Lady Star (who captured the second heat and second money), Bonner (who won the fourth heat and third money), Lew Ives and Proctor; time, 2:28, 2:27, 2:29¼, 2:31, 2:34. On the last day, the purse of $400, for horses of the 2:50 class, was won by Newton's b. g. Jack Barry in three straight heats, beating Lysander Maid (second money), Tom Malloy (third money), Maggie Myers and George Martin; time, 2:36¼, 2:42½, 2:40½.

A PURSE OF $200, mile heats, three in five, in harness, was trotted for at Philadelphia on June 20, over the Kensington Park Course, by S. Dyer's br. m. Vicious, McMann's s. m. Lady Emma, and Worthington's b. m. Cricket. Vicious won the first, second and fourth heats and the race, Lady Emma taking the third heat. Time, 2:53½, 2:53¼, 2:53¾, 2:56¾.....At Point Breeze track, on June 21, a wager was laid between John Clay, Charcoal, and Maggie T. was trotted, the former winning in three straight heats. Time, 3:16, 3:07½, 3:04¾..... On the same date, over the new Hunting Park, a sweepstakes of $300,

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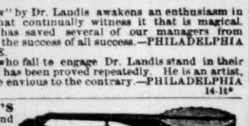
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